4, 1869.
RING
TATIONS
KEEPING
OODS.
SHIRTINGS,
, TABLECLOTHS,
OWELS, Etc.,
COVERINGS,
URTAINS
NICES,
ABLE COVERS,
CHINTZES, Etc
GIBBON & CO.,
ROADWAY.
BOSTON
& CO.'S
e Iron
l Burglar
ES
HE BEST.
N & CO.
VOX
CELEBRE
STAR
SPRING,
SARATOGA,
New York.
& CO.'S
oods.
HD JOBBERS OF
LTIES IN
ture!
D PRICES AT
utina's
and Wareroome
. Houston st.,
and 2d Avenue.
TAYLOR,
, 465, and 467
DWAY,
GRAND STREET.
BINS'S
BOOT POLISH.
BURY
ANCE COMPANY,
dway, New York.
3,000,000 insured in first
ERITABLE, with rules for as
travel or residence after first
and popular plan.
for this Company carry—a few
SAMUEL BARGE, President.

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1869. NUMBER 1058.

TERMS.

REMITTANCES MUST BE MADE BY MONEY ORDERS, BANK CHECKS, OR DRAFTS, IF POSSIBLE, WHERE NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, SEND THE MONEY IN A *REGISTERED LETTER*. THE PRESENT REGISTRATION SYSTEM IS VIRTUALLY AN ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST LOSSES BY MAIL, AND *ALL POSTMASTERS* ARE OBLIGED TO REGISTER LETTERS WHENEVER REQUESTED TO DO SO.

BY MAIL, $2 50 FOR 52 NUMBERS in advance.
" 1 50 " 26 " " "
" 88 " 13 " " after 3 mos.
" 3 00 " 52 " " after 6 mos.
" 3 50 " 52 " " "

Delivered in New York, 20 cents per year additional.

PAPERS are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made, a required by law.

No names *entered* on our books without the first payment in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

THE RECEIPT of the paper is a sufficient receipt for the FIRST subscription. RECEIPTS for money remitted to RENEW subscriptions are attached to the wrapper of the paper; but when a postage-stamp is received, they will be sent by mail.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
Box 2787,
New York City.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud

The Independent.

IN THE OLD SOUTH.

[MARCH 4TH, 1869.]

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

WHERE once the invader made his soldier-bed,
And heard his mettled war-horse proudly neigh,
With one consent, we met at noon to pray
For him that hour become the nation's Head.
Without, we heard the frowning cannons dread,
Red-lipped with speech as on the battle-field;
Within, the people prayed that God would shield
Their chosen chief, and on him wisdom shed.
And when, far off, the solemn oath he said,
Placing his right hand on the sacred Book,
That he would keep the weighty trust he took,
The trust for which so many hearts still bled,
We to our toil returned, well satisfied
That God would be his and the nation's Guide.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

THE INAUGURATION OF GRANT AND COLFAX.

MARCH 5th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

IT rained, and rained. The oldest inhabitant does not remember a pleasant inauguration day. Yet we dared to hope that the weather-god would dodge his long-time rule, that he wouldn't have the heart to scowl and rain into the face of Grant and Colfax; but he did. Wednesday was such a radiant day! "Stay a little longer," we said to the soft sunshine and the tranquil airs, for the sake of all these poor carpet-baggers; for the sake of these boys in blue, who have made their arms ache polishing their bayonets; for the sake of these red-shirted boys, whose burnished bells glitter like gold; for the sake of these black boys, whose new blue capes are so very shiny; for the sake of the thousands of gay bonnets that want to look pretty and bright on inauguration day; and for the sake of the thousands of little children, ragged and bare-toed, so eager for the sight, so ready to be glad at the sublime inauguration of peace. But it rained, and rained. The thousands of sorry carpet-baggers who lined the curb-stones looked most forlorn. They had come by hundreds of thousands to see the sight, they had lain in billiard-saloons and on the floors of hotels, they had camped anywhere and nowhere, enduring tribulation of body if not of mind, still trusting on the final day to be rewarded; and it rained! Carpet-bag in one hand, umbrella in the other, they stood or tried to stand. Dripping, jostling, weary, dirty, sorely tired, there they stood, the poor carpet-baggers. It is painful to think of the physical discomfort, the actual suffering endured by thousands of strangers, who left comfortable homes, supposing that they had only to come to Washington to see the sights to be housed and fed, but who in any satisfactory manner failed of all. The streets were full of them. The street-cars were jammed with them. Every available window, doorstep, and crevice was crammed with them. And it rained! Before nine A. M. a great multitude pressed against the eastern front of the Capitol. A guard of soldiers, with uplifted bayonets, lined both sides of the passage to the northern entrance, which admitted the bearers of tickets to the Senate galleries. Within, the corridors, dim and silent, contrasted with the surging sounds of humanity without, and with the wild confusion which had filled their passages for days before. For more then a week everybody had wanted to see the Capitol, and everybody had wanted a ticket. Never was poor mortal more utterly besieged than that most generous of men, George F. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. In vain he barricaded himself behind closed doors and a phalanx of messengers. There was sweet Mrs. B., and imploring Mrs. C., and lovely Miss D., with charmers on to the end of the alphabet, who were all saying: "O do, Mr. Brown! *Can* you refuse me, Mr. Brown? I *must* have a seat, Mr. Brown!" till the good man was well nigh distracted. Vainly he told them that he had no tickets; that the number was limited and placed in the hands of a committee. The committee had fled from their lodgings, to escape the fair invaders. So, what could they do but come back and besiege once more the door of the Sergeant-at-Arms? They pushed against it, they filled the reception-room, they spread even into the post-office, and at last, with varying success, confronted their victim. Lobbyists also were out in utmost force on this last day of the old administration. Soldiers, firemen citizens, countrymen, belles, rural lassies, human beings with every imaginable cast of countenance, every possible cut of garments, pushed and jammed through the length and breadth of the Capitol. Now the bayonets held everybody at bay but the happy bearers of tickets. Silent and empty, with freshly-washed tiles and summer-warmth, the wide halls waited to receive them. It was not democratic, surely, this aristocratic ticket to a privileged class! But it was comfortable, *very comfortable* to be able to walk without an immediate prospect of having your ribs smashed or your back broken. The Senate galleries repeated the picture of impeachment days. The winds might blow, the floods fall, the pretty bonnets had reached their haven and were at rest. It was only the flutter of laughter and chatter which now kept their flowers and feathers in motion. The majority of forgetnetes were leveled at the Diplomatic Gallery, and the two front seats adjoining, reserved for the families of the President and Vice-President. Mrs. Grant wore a black velvet suit, with ermine furs, a white bonnet trimmed with lavender, and lavender gloves. Her little daughter by her side wore a white silk hat, with a suit of azure velvet, her bright brown hair falling free. Mrs. Matthews's colors were purple and black. Miss Matthews wore a white bonnet and black velvet basque. Mrs. Colfax wore a white tulle bonnet, relieved with a green spray, black velvet paletot, and green gloves. The most attractive face among the ladies of the diplomatic corps was that of Mrs. Thornton, a slender, fair-haired English matron, who sat in the front seat, with her daughter beside her. Here also was Mrs. Howard, of the English legation, a pretty little girl matron, the daughter of Mr. Riggs, the wealthy banker of this city. Near her sat Mrs. Kilpatrick, the beautiful Chilian whom Gen. Kilpatrick has recently made his bride. Among other distinguished ladies of foreign legations were Madame Gerholt and daughters, of Prussia; Senora Garcia de Rosa, of Portugal; Madame Berthemy, of France; Madame Delfosse, of Belgium; Senora and Senorita de Magalhaens and Senora Eulalie Ducheny de Padua Fleury, of Brazil; Madame Mazee, of the Netherlands; Madame Hitz, wife of the consul-general of Switzerland. Another point of observation quite as interesting to somebody else was the Reporters' Gallery, opposite these high-born ladies, filled to overflowing with black-coated men. In the center sat that illustrious son of its common soil, Horace Greeley, leaning forward as if musing on the great crowd below, with a hand to his face whose remarkable whiteness and contour put Charles Sumner's in the shade, and became at once the subject of admiring comment to ladies in the opposite galleries. Of course, we all know, had the modest philosopher dreamed such a fact possible, he would have thrust it out of sight in a minute. Here also was Henry C. Bowen, of THE INDEPENDENT, elegant, earnest, and enthusiastic, thinking, I am sure, how much of the brilliant scene before him could become transfixed and transferred into the columns of the next INDEPENDENT. On the lowest step of the stairs, writing on the front of the gallery, sat Gilbert Haven, of Boston—wide-browed, large-eyed, full-fed. An earnest, kind, sincere face is his. He is the image of a healthy, hearty, intellectual radical. Presently the glasses began to point downward. General Sherman, General Hancock, General Thomas, General Howard, General Sickles, Adjutant-General Townsend, Admiral Farragut, Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, with other associates, entered by a side-door, dressed in the full uniform of the army and navy, with gold bands and epaulettes. Generals Sherman, Hancock, Sickles, and Howard, and Admiral Farragut attracted the most attention from the galleries. Before they had been thoroughly inspected and commented on the corps diplomatique entered in glittering array, and the hum and sensation increased. First came the white-haired Baron Von Gerolt, of Prussia, with his attachés, all wearing white pants and black dress-coats, covered with embroidery of gold, their breasts covered with the badges and stars of royal orders. Next came England in its representative, Edward Thornton, a stately Englishman, yet in his prime, although his hair and side-whiskers are gray. His face is remarkable for its forecasting, sagacious expression. His outjutting perceptive faculties compel him probably to see and hear often more than is agreeable to him. He also was followed by his attachés, all in full court-dress. Then M. Berthemy, the French minister, with green sash tied over his golden lace, chapeau in hand, carrying a bilious, nervous, anxious face, and accompanied by Comte De Faverny and Viscomte Aulin. Waldemar de Bodisco, charge d'affaires of Russia; the young and handsome Dane, M. Bille, charge d'affaires of Denmark, occupied prominent seats. Blaque Bey's oriental face looked forth darkly under its scarlet fez, and he wore gold enough for his master, the Sultan. Meanwhile his secretary, Baltazza Effendi, amused himself by gazing everywhere through a huge opera-glass. But all the ministers of foreign powers sat in stiff and stately silence, their eyes directed toward the door through which they expected Grant. Next appeared the judges of the Supreme Court, led by Chief-Justice Chase, their august heels kicking out their costly satin gowns behind; gentlemen chiefly remarkable in appearance for their grave faces and immense stomachs. They took their seats in front of the President's desk. Then appeared the members of the House of Representatives, and then in an opposite door appeared the two men of the day. Mr. Colfax proceeded to a chair at the right of President Wade. General Grant sat in one pointed out to him before the desk, facing every body. The citizen-soldier President confronted the court regalia in a plain suit of black, with yellow kid gloves, as you have already read in a dozen newspapers. Wherein I have *not* yet read that he threw one hand on a table, one leg over the other, and with a very smooth head and a very clean face looked forth serene and imperturbable. In a soaring, reportorial account I have read *what* his emotions were that moment, "sitting at the portal of an awful dignity." He was a divining gentleman, that reporter. I am not so certain what his emotions were. But my private opinion is that the sensible and unpoetical man that moment was not roving around among the infinities. Evidently he was looking straight out of a pair of matter-of-fact eyes on a magnificent sight, having a good time, as not over-sensitive or over-self-conscious people generally do have. Mr. Colfax's inaugural was a model. It was delicate and comprehensive, and remarkable in what it left unsaid. Mr. Colfax had the good sense and the good taste not to say too much. To know when to stop is a rare gift, but one most devoutly to be desired. In clear, distinct tones he took the oath of office. President Wade took the mallet, struck the desk with a heavy hand, pronounced the Fortieth Congress adjourned forever, walked down from the desk and from high political office. Vice-President Colfax took the mallet, struck it with a quick, firm ring, opened the Forty-first Congress by calling for the swearing-in of the new senators-elect. This ended, he announced that the procession would form and proceed to the front of the Capitol, where the inauguration of the President of the United States would take place. Then came a rush and a crash. Hundreds were ejected from the galleries by the mere momentum of the crowd. Pushing, tearing, chafing, and laughing, it struggled outward. Slipping through a side-door, we escaped it all, and from under the shadow of the northern portico looked forth upon a sight wearing every aspect of magnificence and sublimity. At last the sun shone, thank God. The thousand flowering columns of the Capitol threw back its light, and the hearts of tens of thousands of human beings took courage in its sudden benediction. Cannon seat forth their thundering salvos; fife and drum, with deep-throated instruments, filled the air with rejoicing, anon broken by the overpowering acclamations of hundreds of human voices going up as one. Every window of the Capitol, every inch of its vast porticoes and stairs, every spot of its wide grounds, every branch of every tree in all its grounds, was black and alive with human beings. Just now the military guard in the street gave way, and the people, the last of the people, tore by, jumping over one another, throwing each other down, rushing, shouting, on to the Capitol. I never saw such a sight. Nearly all were black, hundreds looked like contrabands just from the field. There were old men, and women, and little children. There were women with naked hoops, and women with white skirts spangled everywhere with mud—for if a black woman can't have a frock, she will have a white petticoat; and there were ebony belles flashing by in every color of the rainbow. What they wanted was *their* soldiers. For whenever you see a regiment of black men in the middle of the streets, you see an equal regiment of black women chasing them on the sidewalks. The scene toward which they now rushed was so imposing as to make description by words impossible. There towered and stretched away the Capitol, its immense columns swathed with American colors—banners floating from its highest pinnacles. In the deep space before it battle-flags were flying, many worn and torn by war, bayonets flashed, sabers glistened, lines of cavalry moved to and fro, columns of infantry formed into line, long trains of firemen in their scarlet shirts marched by. The procession was forming. First came the United States troops, the escort of the President to the Presidential Mansion. Then the famous Albany Burgesses Corps, one of the oldest and finest military organizations in the United States; afterward the Lancaster Fencibles, of Pennsylvania; the Eagle Zouaves, of Buffalo; the Henry Winter Davis Guards, of Baltimore (colored); the Washington Hose Company, of Reading, Pa.; the Republican Invincibles, of Philadelphia; the Philadelphia Fire Zouaves; the Lincoln Zouaves (colored); the Washington Grays, of Philadelphia; the Sheridan Grays, of Wilmington, Delaware; six other fire companies, and other regiments. The inaugural had been read. The Chief-Justice of the United States stepped forward and held out to the President-elect a Bible, on which he laid his hand. The oath of office was pronounced by both; the President bowed his head, touched his lips to the Sacred Book. The thunder of twenty-one guns pronounced Ulysses Grant the President of the United States. The waving of thousands of handkerchiefs, the shouts of thousands of freemen joining the thunder in air, proclaimed Ulysses Grant their President! Who that moment thought of another, a sad-eyed, weary, great-souled man, who four years ago that very hour kissed this same Sacred Book, pronounced this same sacred oath, and stood before the people inaugurated for martyrdom and for immortality!

THE INAUGURAL RECEPTION.

I have discovered the utmost test of the powers of human endurance—it is an "Inauguration Ball." I can understand how one might go to such a place from a "sense of duty," from the purpose to please another; but from personal pleasure never. I went on the high ground of philanthropy. It is true I expect you to pay me for it, INDEPENDENT, and to pay me well—a fact which casts a doubt upon my entire disinterestedness. Nevertheless, my highest compensation comes from the knowledge that Molly, and Polly, and Susy, and Sally, and their sisters all over the land, may read everything about it, while they are toasting their toes and leaning back in their rocking-chairs, without being as nearly squeezed to death as I was, or without nursing their bruises for a week afterward. I suffered for your sakes, my dears. When the committee wrote to President Grant concerning this reception, he replied: "Gentlemen, you will please me best if you will dispense with it altogether." And all future committees owe it to the people of the land never to attempt to hold such a national reception again until Washington owns a fit assembly hall in which to hold it. It is the veriest cant to cry out against this reception in itself. It is the most innocent and natural impulse possible that the thousands of people here, from Maine to Florida, should desire such an opportunity to see the chiefs of the nation and their families. They came to the Capital at great cost and pains, and wish to carry back to their remote homes as many pleasant memories as possible. Then somebody was terribly to blame for selling thousands of tickets at ten dollars each to guests for whom there was no possible accommodation. The rooms in the new Treasury extension are spacious and beautiful; and, if no more persons had been admitted than could be accommodated, the reception would have been most delightful. But with ten thousand persons making their ingress and egress through the same doors, there could be but one result—the most cruel jamming that ever mortals endured. Yet there were four floors used, and the halls in each were ninety feet long by twenty feet in width. The marble room, the principal reception-room, is perfect in itself. Its walls and trimmings are composed of six varieties of marble—the Pennsylvania black, the Vermont dove, the Tennessee chocolate, Italian white, Bardiglio mottled dove, and Sienna yellow. The pillars of the room blossom out at the top into Corinthian leaves. Around the upper portion of the room extends a bronzed balcony, resting on white marble slabs. The room was decorated with flags and evergreens, blazing with chandeliers. Here, at half past 10 P. M., the committee received the President, Vice-President, and their families. Before that time the main hall leading to it had become hopelessly jammed with tortured mortals. As they were vainly trying to move in both directions at the same time, imagine the conflict. The heat was stifling. If everybody had smelled sweet, the "close communion" would not have been quite as dreadful. But, O dear! I perceived positively more than the seven disiinct—odors of the city of Cologne. One poor little woman was compelled to keep her chignon shut against my mouth. I assure you it didn't send up a pleasant savor. It must have been her own. Though you never come to an inauguration reception again, let me recommend to you, my dear, a purifying wash of camphor and borax. The only chance we had for movement was when some lady fainted, and a half-frantic policeman beat a passage for her distressed gentleman to carry her through. When the pushers from behind crushed you on, it was not only the utmost test of endurance, but of temper. Yet I saw Horace Greeley stuck in a corner, smiling down with the aspect of a saint. Any man who preserved a serene sweetness through such a jam must be a Christian, and deserves to be canonized. A shout of policemen and a sudden jamming backward announced the arrival of the presidential party. Half an hour afterward I was sent by the mere force of momentum through a door leading to their reception-room like a pea from a popgun. In the ante-room few cared to remain. There, at last, I achieved a comfortable chair. There, my little woman in the farm-house far away, behold me using my eyes for you, though I cannot mention one-tenth of the funny or the gorgeous dames moving on in the splendid procession. Among the first is the English minister, with a beautiful lady on his arm; and the French minister, with a brilliant suite of ladies, in exquisite attire. No one attracts more attention than General Kilpatrick's bride. She is the niece of the archbishop and of the secretary of war of Chili, and, at the time of her marriage with General Kilpatrick, the belle of Santiago. No lady attracts more attention for her extreme beauty. She is a brunette, wearing a dress of crimson satin, trimmed with lace and crystals, a magnificent necklace and tiara of diamonds. Mrs. Senator Chandler wears one of the most exquisite costumes of the evening—dress a rose-pink satin with overskirt of point lace, festooned and looped with heavy pearls, necklace of diamonds, with flowers in her hair. Her daughter wears the full coiffure and costume of the last French Regency—hair puffed and powdered, a tulle skirt looped over Canary silk; the entire effect unique and elegant in the extreme. Mrs. Senator Cole, of California, one of the sweetest mothers in Washington, a dove-like woman, looks lovely in a robe of white satin. Mrs. Senator Corbett, of Oregon, so attracts me with her face that she has gone, and I cannot tell you what she wears. Mrs. Samuel Sinclair, of New York, is handsome in pink brocade and moss-rose buds. Mrs. Waller, of New York, daughter of Senator Nye, looks like a young duchess, in a trained dress of black point lace, the skirt looped with white plumes, the lace bertha edged with white hyacinths, a butterfly of diamonds in her powdered hair. I have seen nothing more interesting this evening, nothing that I shall remember longer, than the face of young Ida Greeley, a maid in pink satin, beside her father, the *Tribune*. And here goes by the happy INDEPENDENT, with a bodyguard of two lovely girls. And here comes that wonderful little woman, Mrs. General Gaines. She wears black satin, with an over-dress of black tissue, shot with gold, the corsage trimmed with gold lace. It is one of the most striking and costly costumes of the evening. Her jewels are most rare. I should think it would take the whole city of New Orleans to pay for the tiara of diamonds on her head. This remarkable woman is very *petite*, and, although over sixty years of age, on the closest scrutiny, does not look forty-five. She has beautiful brown, dancing eyes; and, without the slightest affectation, has the apparent vivacity and zest of life of a girl of sixteen. Mrs. Senator Morgan, who, is immense, wears a crimson satin dress, with diamonds said to be the finest in the country. Thousands of costumes equally costly float by. There are coiffures a la Grecque, and coiffures a l'emperatrice. There are Marie Antoinettes, Diane de Peictiers, Juliettes, and Queen Elizabeths. And in the same train I just saw an old brown silk, looking as if it had been dragged from the ark, trimmed with white fringe, and two girls in calico dresses; and here is an old lady in a bonnet and cloak; and here Mary Walker in a green silk coat and pantaloons. She looks like a picture of Pocahontas, or like a mermaid, grotesque and hybrid. Her basque of flowered green silk falls to her knees, and her flowered green silk pantaloons are ruffled around the bottom with black lace, her hair streams down her back below her waist. Just before the doors are closed we take our turn in passing before the President, Vice-President, and their families. They are all safely barricaded behind tables, on which the gentlemen rest their hands, which are not to be shaken. Both look tired out. Schuyler Colfax must be well nigh tired to death when he does not smile. And I bear witness that I never saw him look so solemn. I can't say that the ladies looked much brighter. Both were becomingly attired. Mrs. Grant in white satin and point lace, Mrs. Colfax in pink satin and pearls. I have heard that there was a splendid supper spread somewhere in the depths of the Treasury. I did not go in search of it; but hear fearful and fabulous stories from some who did—of crowding and cramming, of streams of chocolate streaking over white satin dresses, of trains split from the waists by ruthless masculine feet in one room, while the sweet mouth of the owner was conversing in another; and, at last, of exorbitant sums paid to ebony autocrats for the mere chance of a gobble. It was quite enough for me that for three "awesome" hours I was permitted to listen to the cat-like voices of their feminine counterparts in the dressing-room. There was a yellow Susan Nipper in one corner standing guard over ticketed budgets of hoods and shawls, whose tongue outdid her namesake's. Miss Nipper was sorely tried, no doubt; but, if she could not bear such trials with at least a decent equanimity, she had no business to be there. They were no excuse for her turning upon every unfortunate who approached her in the gentlest manner with the gesture and voice of a vixen. If other gentle-toned attendants had not done better, few ladies would have found wrappings to have left the Treasury that night. At twelve o'clock the dressing-rooms were filled with melancholy women, wandering about helplessly and hopelessly, searching in vain for their missing garments. Many continued the search all night or till, overcome with exhaustion, they sank down and fell asleep. Those who were more fortunate stood leaning against the walls, or nestled together in groups in the corridors waiting hour after hour till the dawning morning for their gentlemen, who were having a still more desperate and despairing time above. At last many men were compelled to go home without overcoats or hats, and at ten o'clock the next day hundreds of persons were still in the Treasury, searching for their lost garments.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before we could find our way out into the biting air. The stars hung low like lamps. The lamps above the north Treasury entrance flashed back the blazing word "Peace." The Inaugurated Chief, the great procession, the revel within—all celebrated peace. Who bought it? Not the man in yonder, crowned and triumphant; though he did his best, and did well. But you, lonely sleepers at Arlington, at the Soldiers' Home, at Antietam, and at Gettysburg—you bought it with your blood; your lives paid for the splendors of this day. We measure its worth by what it cost you and those who loved you. We remember you, unknown and unhonored dead, before the crowned and the living. If in this administration just begun the land shall be steeped in felicity, it will be because you paid with your lives the utmost price of the better era.

M. C. A.

"PURPLE AND FINE LINEN."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

THERE is no essential evil in purple. Fine linen is not by itself iniquitous. If a man can afford them, he has a legal right, as far as I am concerned, to wear both, even to the extent which Irish noblemen used to affect, till Henry VIII, by an absurd sumptuary law, forbade "more than twenty cubits in their shirts" and interdicted "dying them with saffron." It was the *heartlessness* and not the costume of the rich man that the Great Teacher censured. But there are many things men may do legally which wise, considerate, and patriotic people will not do; and we place among these the present uses of "purple and linen."

Not that we own to be any worse in these parts than our fellow-sinners in other great cities. We claim no pre-eminence in this folly. Is not Paris headquarters of fashion for the world? Rotten Row is as gay in attire as Central Park. It may be mortifying to any who thought they had outdone Europe; but it is truth, notwithstanding, that we are only imitating at respectful distance the liveries of older capitals. And the powdered flunkies of Europe who parrot one's name from the hall-door to the reception-room, whose rotund calves stick out on coach-boards, whose pompous forms overlook one at dinner-tables, one to each chair, are not yet among the abominations of the city to any appreciable extent. It is because people come among us with preconceived ideas of republican simplicity, which are not realized in fact, that they give out such accounts of our extravagance. There is no use in our "'specting we are the wickedest" in the world, if we are not, pleasant as the triumph might be.

At the same time there is some reason, perhaps, for regarding with anxiety the race of imitation we are running. Many excellent people are deploring the extravagance of their neighbors. If the one side of every good street in New York and Brooklyn thinks "they are going a little too far" on the opposite side, there must be enough ground of suspicion to warrant inquiry. If nobody is in fault, why then nobody will be hurt.

The wise and witty Prebendary of Sarum said two hundred years ago: "Clothes are for necessity: warm clothes for health; cleanly, for decency; lasting, for thrift; and rich, for magnificence. Now, there may be a fault in their number, if too various; making, if too vain; matter, if too costly; and mind of the wearer, if he takes pride therein." Dr. Fuller would not find his canon violated one whit more now than in his own time, nor half so much. Where is the queen of American society whose wardrobe has such an array of garments as had Queen Elizabeth, who would only wear a dress once? Where are the gentlemen whose boot-tops are peaked and attached to their upper garments by costly cords? Who that has seen his friend, or, worse still, himself, in a court-dress, with old lace, ruffles, and a sword that is perpetually tripping him, is not thankful for simpler attire? And as for the intricate and elaborate machinery of the ladies' head-dress,

"There is no glory left us now
Like the glory of the dead,"

as you can see by any good book of ancient costumes. There are sisters with very tawny skins, and marked disregard of cleanliness, whose varieties and minuteness of hair-plaiting we cannot begin to rival—as may be seen in any good book of travels among savages. And, if any gentleman plumes himself unduly on the performances of his barber, a glance into *Layard's Nineveh* will show him that beards three thousand years ago were treated with a richness, magnificence, and picturesqueness of detail unattainable in these degenerate days. From all which it appears a reasonable moral to draw that even marked superiority is no great distinction in a line where barbarians and savages have so completely outdone us.

But it may be alleged that in costliness we have outshone the milliners and decorators of the olden time. Nothing of the kind. "Barbaric pearls and gold" (when California had not yet yielded up its wealth, nor the manufacture of genuine pearls begun in Sheffield) "glittered in as great profusion in Pompeii and Corinth as they now do in Washington or London. *Lollia Paulina*, in the days of the Cæsars, was by no means a model lady; but her second-best dress—emeralds and pearls, Madam—cost $220,000, and Pliny saw her wear it. "Tongues of nightingales and flamingoes" and "peacocks' brains" were fitting viands for such guests, at a table like that of Apicius, who, after spending many millions in the pleasures of a gourmand, made away with himself on finding he had but $500,000 to live on! From which the moral may surely be drawn with propriety that we cannot excel these heathen extravagances; biow ourselves up as we will, we modern frogs cannot compete with these Roman oxen, and we had better not try.

Then what shall we do? Set Congress to make sumptuary laws? Legislate us into black broth for dinner, and one coat apiece, and make us American Spartans? It cannot be done. If it could, it is not desirable to do it. John Foster, Baptist preacher and genius of the highest order, too much opposed to conventionalities to be comfortable in a black coat and a white neck-tie, yet has conclusively proved that the luxury of rich people is allowable and right. In the days when revived religion wakened up the neighbors of good Lady Powerscourt, the clergyman parted his mahogany table and chairs for deal. But the thing did not last; and his palace—now that he is a bishop, and an excellent bishop too—is moderately comfortable.

Then what is to be done? Shall we organize simplicity, elevate "plainness" into a Christian grace, and try again the plan into which the "Friends" were driven in violent reaction against miserable effeminacy? No, we cannot do that. It would require as much time and strength to discriminate among the *kinds* of plainness as it does now among the brilliant variety of fabric and color; and one real evil or the caprices of fashion is the amount of time and thought required to follow them. Life is too short to devote so much of it to being daily "got up."

Then what shall we do? Trust to the growth of taste and the triumph of good sense, and be thankful that pride gives the poor what charity does not? This we must do; but let us trust, above all, to the growth and progress of Christian feeling, the surest help to manly simplicity and to womanly loveliness. It will suggest that many things may be done legally that it is not right to do. The growth of soft and self-indulgent habits will enervate and destroy a people to whom God has given this continent to be subdued and replenished—will do for us what has been done for other and older republics. Then we shall do nothing so unpatriotic. as to promote them. The power and glory of this land must be in the vigor, energy, and moral qualities of its people, and the harmony of their habits with its institutions, not in their expensive draperies and poor mimicry of Old-World fooleries. Then as lovers of our country we shall count these things un-American, and have no share in corrupting and debasing our people.

The same inspiration will suggest the unwisdom of costly sacrificing at the altar of floating Fashion. Why make it impossible to young men to find peace and safety in their own homes? Why, where property fluctuates so much in value, and is not entailed, glitter in a gaudy splendor which may so easily be dimmed by a reverse—a reverse hastened it may be thought by recklessness, and unpitied because of the ostentation to which it is the miserable foil? Why bedizen the innocent babes, and send them out to the precocious corruption of "children's parties"? If there must be victims, oh! spare their innocence! Keep for the joy of your homes, if not for God and your country, the freshness and the simplicity of childhood!

Such Christian feeling will suggest consideration for others. Your neighbor's son is as well-born and well-educated as you, but less rich. Why should he be tempted to meanness and crime that his young wife may shine as brightly as you do? Why should your rich and useless display of money's worth dazzle him, till he cannot see where true honor and dignity lie? till he comes to believe that success in life is money-making, and that Heaven is begun below in exhibiting it?

From all which the moral seems to be that Christian feeling is the best check upon senseless extravagance; that its promotion is true patriotism; that the preaching and teaching of "the truth" will best correct mischievous and demoralizing tendencies, and that men and women will most easily see and do right, in dress, habits, modes of life, when they have chosen Christ for their master and are bent on doing his will. "But there are many who are not under Christian feelings; what of them?" Why, one cannot help them. If they have so little taste that a Roman toga, a Chinese skirt, and a Highland plaid seem to them a graceful combination, even Ruskin could not educate their eye. They must be left to bring forth fruit after their kind; and, when flaunting before their American friends' open eyes the striking combinations which won for them such compliments abroad as "personification of the stripes and stars," they will take the amazement for admiration, and go on their way rejoicing in delighted self-complacency. No, you cannot do anything for *them*.

But Christian people of assured position, who have no need to announce themselves by the rustle of garments and the sheen of jewelry, who are lovers of their country, who think of others, who would fain throw the shield of their protection around the weak—they may be appealed to with hope to be examples of dignified moderation, and to check the tide of thoughtless ostentation that threatens to sweep away so much that is innocent and lovely. They claim to be the salt of society; but, if the salt have lost its savor, what will save it? "It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men."

THE NATIONAL DAY.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

THE first sight and sound that addressed our waking senses on the National Day in the National Capitol illustrated the marvelous change that has come over the country in the past few years. Before our window was a squad of colored troops drilling for the inaugural parade. The rattling drum broke up the delicious morning nap, and compelled us to attend to this new invasion of unwelcome ideas into the seat of power. "The boys" were arrayed in shining blue capes, and not less shining brown faces. Folks are beginning to see that this complexion is only various shades of brown, so fast is colorphobia changing to colorphilia. A staid Boston merchant yesterday said that a young lady of this sort, walking through the Smithsonian, looked handsome enough to be kissed. A Southern merchant would have not only said so, but done it. So we grow.

These troops were a sign of the breaking of a new morn on the American world. The soft, warm, steady rain was no less emblematic. As showers upon the mown grass, so falls the idea and influence of this review, going on over all the city, upon the national heart, mown by the scythe of war of its arrogance, and hate of its fellow-citizens and brethren. Like these spring rains, the event assures a fast hastening harvest of one redeemed and interfolded humanity.

The rain "grew less," as our Irish brother would say, and by ten o'clock had given up the attempt to mar the occasion and uniforms with its prophetic droppings. It wisely contented itself with the slight suggestion of the morning shower. The ladies hastened to don their finest, but covered it with the all-subduing waterproof, thus showing that they were sensible, and were also preparing themselves for legislative posts, which will spoil their purple and gorgeous array as much as it has that of their brothers. "A customary suit of inky black" will be the dress of both sexes when women's rights has won women's suffrage and woman's co-ordinate sovereignty.

Great was the surging against the brass doors of the Senate House, whose most significant carving is Washington's rebuke of General Lee, inserted either prophetically or as a just constructive censure of America's rebuke of his descendant for greater audacity and treachery. At ten o'clock the doors swing slowly open, and the fair women and brave men have their beauty and courage tried as they are squeezed into laminæ of mica thinness. While they double the sharp edges of the pedestals of the columns they are themselves twisted into all sorts of shapes, as are the same laminæ under the forcing process of the crowd of hot lava behind them. Cape Sharp these pedestals were properly named by those who doubled them and whom they doubled.

The hall is reached, and quiet reigns. The Senate humdrums a little and dissolves into nothingness. The senators make themselves agreeable to the gentlemen on the floor, and evidently would more prefer to do the same duty to the ladies in the galleries. Men of as great credit and renown as even John Gilpin, though they have no Cowper to sing their greatness, fill up the chairs, with one woman of that sort also, Mrs. Dr. Walker, made major by brevet by Abraham Lincoln for gallant services on the battle-field. Bishop Wayman, of the African M. E. Church, has a chair near Bishop Ames and Hamilton Fish. He is a fine looking gentleman, of a rich Oriental brown complexion, and is an eloquent preacher. Col. Parker, the Indian member of General Grant's staff, is on the opposite side, close by Sherman, Farragut, and Thomas. The Irishman Conness, the Scotchman A. T. Stuart, the Englishman Punshon, the German Carl Schurz, represent the unificating power of this nation. If Mr. Punshon still adheres to his nationality, enough of that blood fill the seats around to make its presence and power all-pervading and all-controlling.

From the gallery looks down the mild, intelligent face of Mr. Greeley, whose countenance, above all other public men except that of the late Gov. Andrew, shows that he "wears a lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks." Just behind him stands the erect, slim, graceful form of the proprietor of THE INDEPENDENT. A handsome, brown beard, a dark, piercing eye, a small, well-featured face, is the pleasant *personel* of one whom all readers of THE INDEPENDENT know so well by name. But the procession enters. Colfax and Wade in advance, Grant and others following. Colfax says a few words concerning his duties, and the scene adjourns to the front of the Capitol.

Here is a more brilliant spectacle. Troops are marching into the grounds and arranging themselves before the central platform. The column of colored volunteers stretches a long line directly in front of the coming President. These troops were more extended than any other, and no single company was so visible to the President, Congress, and the diplomatic corps as this dark array of faces, with bright blue capes, and staffs tipped each with lantern and flag. Well could the President denounce local prejudice as he saw the mingling of colors in this national parade.

The noise of bands ceases. The Chief-Justice, of large bulk and larger gravity, speaks to the little man before him the low word that he would not have objected to have had spoken to himself. Grant bows responsive, steps to the front of the platform, and, after the roar of artillery, music, and applause has subsided, opens his lips, and reads with ease and clearness, though so low as not to be heard but a few score feet distant, the words that before that night were read from St. Petersburgh to San Francisco with equal approval. He turns, gives his wife the first presidential kiss, smiles upon all, chats with many about him, and receives their salutations, and re-enters to the Capitol. In a few minutes he reappears in his carriage, and moves with the procession to his official residence.

The Inauguration is over. Grant is President. The sealed lips have spoken and spoken well. It has, if any defect, a breath of military air that may grow to something more. The demand to obey law because it is law may be questioned, and has been defied in the earlier conflicts of the cause which made him triumph; the threat that if other nations do us wrong we will do so likewise, if no other resort is left us, is yet more questionable; the brusque "I take the office without fear" might have been better omitted. On the other hand, his appeal to the young men to maintain the credit and honor of the nation; his declaration of his impartiality in the execution of law; his assertion that nations should treat together like honorable individuals; his proposal to train the Indian for citizenship, the first right presidential word ever spoken for them; his protest against local prejudices; his declaration in favor of universal suffrage; and hissolemn appeal to Almighty God for his blessing upon the nation, are of the highest excellence, and give his inaugural a hight and breadth that no previous similar paper ever attained

The Independent.

THE STORY OF A PEPPERCORN.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

I AM a Peppercorn; my mother was a Peppercorn before she was married, and taught me what belonged to the Peppercorn dignity. The Peppercorns have wedded Peppercorns for generations, adding farm to farm and house to house; but I am sorry to add that the old Peppercorn stock seems dying out. At annual festivals, now-a-days, there are only a few gray old Peppercorns, with glassy knobs on the tops of their heads, that grow very red when their owners wax disputatious (for we are a hot-tempered race, what there is left of us): three or four wizen-faced single Peppercorns, more than half past the time of matrimony; two grandmothers, who snarl at each other; one grandfather who is of a serious turn of mind while he reads family prayers, but everybody gets out of his way as soon afterward as is convenient; and one bleached-out Peppercorn, who married a cousin destitute of the great Peppercorn desideratum, money and acres. It is of Sally Peppercorn and her concerns that I wish particularly to speak. She is the only member of our family who can truly be called meek-spirited. Neither of the grandmothers could: they would fight for their rights tooth and nail I verily believe; and I declare I thought the other day, when Grandma Hannah came down stairs behind Grandma Jemima, her cap awry, her front turned wrong side out, and her eyes red, that Grandma Jemima must have got the best of it. Jemima is Sally's mother; and Sally's mother, to use a term familiar to the Peppercorns, *scrouges* Sally awfully. Poor Sally has a faded, washed-out face, and seems always to be in a state of don't-know-what-to-do-with-herself-ishness; but she was a very pretty girl once within my recollection. I'm the cousin that *didn't* marry her; and, on the whole, I'm rather glad I didn't, for then I should have had somebody to scrouge me. It was intended, if not by the fates, certainly by Grandma Jemima, that I should add Sally to my other property. I suppose I was resigned; they say I was. But, just as I was settling myself down to the idea, a telegram came that was death to all my plans; and something worse to Grandma Jemima, for it turned her hair white. Sally had been visiting at an uncle's, and Tom had been sent after her. A good, steady fellow was Tom—one of the quiet-down sort, that you'd never look to do out-of-the-way things. Tom and Sally were married, that was the upshot of it. The news did not particularly affect me. After rushing into the barn to throw myself headforemost from the highest stack, I thought better of it, and quietly buried my head in a bundle of hay till I got over it. But then I never spoke to Tom Peppercorn again—we never any of us did. Prayers were useless; expostulation did no good; the doors of the whole Peppercorn heart were barred with iron-steel rivets. Sally was not so much as to step her foot in the yard; and for that purpose we bought a new watch-dog, besides keeping the gates locked. I used to amuse myself thinking of Tom Peppercorn and his penniless bride. I thought of the dog's white hands—and where was he to get gloves? I never cared for such trifles myself; but he did—always did. Once or twice I almost decided to send him enough to buy a pair of the French make he liked; but then I thought better of it. I always think better of things. A fellow can make money, and keep it too, if he only thinks better of it after he nearly makes a final decision. Sometimes we heard from them. Tom was clerking it on a steamboat—new business to him, and dreadfully ungenteel. I never inquired; but Jack Nozzel (he was my friend), he managed it slyly, so as not to shock the Peppercorn sensibility:

"O, by the way, saw Tom to-day. Don't look as he used to, poor fellow! Works hard; tells on him. Seedy, too. Made a miserable job for himself; going to the bad fast." Or, "Saw a lady of your name yesterday. Heard she took in plain sewing. Nice looking; but got the worst of it, decidedly. Very poor lodgings—Swan street; poor locality. Bad place for chills; good deal of sickness that way, too."

As for the Peppercorns, I can safely say none of these things moved us—not a Peppercorn. Sally had chosen for herself, Tom had chosen for himself, when they both knew very well that matters were decided for them years before. At last there came a letter—in a disguised hand, or it would never have been admitted. Tom was down with the fever; he was very sick, he said, or he could never have stooped to beg for his family or himself. It threw us into a great commotion. "Served him right" was the general verdict. One of the grandfathers answered it, and read the letter to the united Peppercorns. I remember it was as follows:

"The way of the transgressor is hard. As you have made your bed, so you must lie in it. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked. If then be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, *thou alone shalt bear it.* Inclosed find a postage stamp.

"Very sincerely,
"BENJAMIN PEPPERCORN."

By the way, I may add that I was the compiler of this letter, which I consider admirable in style and arrangement, under the circumstances; but I make free to confess that I had a hard time of it. Not being accustomed to that book called the Bible, I had an impression that it abounded in that sort of thing; but I had to scrape the Psalms for as much as I got, and study over Proverbs till my head ached. However, the letter was sent; and our dinner that day, speaking for myself, was a delightful one. I may mention that Grandma Jemima put on her best cap, and that Grandma Hannah seemed in a general state of rile; but I was happy.

We heard no more from Tom and Sally for a long time, only that Tom was about, doing odd jobs. My satisfaction was complete at that; I laughed inwardly as I thought of Paris gloves. Next came a letter to me. Ah! but it is a precious souvenir. I have it now. It was from Sally, begging me, for the sake of the liking I once professed for her, to help them. Tom was sick again; and—well, there was a young relation of Tom's in the house. Tom was *very* sick; he was going to die, she feared. Then she spoke of my "broad acres," and several other little trifles, which might have been hers for less than the asking once, and so on to the end. Very well, I calculated closely, and sent her enough to pay the funeral expenses for Tom, intimating that I was ready at any time to do the same thing for Tom's young relation; but that was all she must ever expect of me. Not long after that they disappeared, bag and baggage.

Nine years had passed, during which we had never been troubled with any begging letters. I was traveling hundreds of miles from my own home. Through some mischance, I was left at a lonely station, momentarily expecting a train. The man with the signal-light passed me, and to my question replied, "No other train to-night," and disappeared. In vain I called him; he must have been willfully deaf. It was an ugly night—sleety and rainy; and I could hardly see my hand before me. All was black, bleak, bare; and the storm seemed to come at me in drifts, as if it had a spite against me. I must find shelter; and, starting off, only able to just discern the road, I looked in vain for a friendly house. No lights, no cottages, no place for sleep, or food, or fire; and perishing cold. The wind cut me like knife-blades; a horrible gusty gloom wrapped me round, but at the same time seemed not like empty space. Voices, and breaths, and low, mocking laughter hissed at my ear on every side. Suddenly I stumbled over something; and, putting my hand out, felt a grave-stone. I knew the outlines. A cold horror seized me. I attempted to make my way out, when again I fell; and this time into a new-made grave—wet and slimy, and oozing with fetid mud. Desperate now, I worked my way out, and crept along, the voices, and sighs, and gibberings driving me almost mad; until I found myself outside the burying-ground, and in sight of a light. It came from the window of a very small house, and never was Peppercorn dignity put to such humiliating flight before. I rushed toward the hut as if ten thousand devils were after me, and fell within, on the stone floor, more dead than alive. When I came to, somebody was bathing my temples, and my lips were wet. I opened my eyes.

"More ghosts!" I cried.

"It's me, John," said a broken voice.

It was the shadow of poor Sally Peppercorn.

"Where's Tom?" I gasped.

"In the next room, John; he died last night."

And had I lain in his grave? Cold chills ran through me.

"Uncle John"—it was a voice I had never heard before. I looked up. Was it an angel from heaven, with shining hair and a beauty that put to shame all human loveliness? The child lay on a poor bed, her little waxen hands clasped together.

"Uncle John—*is* it him, mamma? I said the good Lord would send somebody. Oh! Uncle John, papa is dead, and I am dying. Won't you take care of poor mamma when she is all alone?"

I couldn't say no then and there, could I? Indeed, reflecting upon my generally scared state at the time, I don't think I had any inclination to do so. Perhaps, in calmer moments—but no matter. It was trying to the Peppercorn dignity and pride, perhaps; but I made concessions. I buried Tom. I didn't bury the child, because—she didn't die. But after she was better of the fever I took them both home. Sally will never be what she was—her spirit has gone; but the little one, I am inclined to think that the scrouging is is not all on Grandma Jemima's side, since she is as quiet as a tame crow if Nelly holds up her finger. I don't like to feel under the constant dominion of Tom's child; but I don't see as there is any help for it. What troubles me more than anything else is that she has got to marry out of the Peppercorn family; and, in process of time, the name will only be seen on some old tombstone. I tell Nelly that she shall be my heiress, if her husband will take the name; but she declares that it is the only thing belonging to her that she wants to get rid of. So what am I to do?

BOOKS AND THEIR STYLE.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

I HAVE lately read two volumes which seem to me encouraging symptoms of a healthy change in the style of current literature. One is a French story, entitled "Madame Thérèse," very popular in France, and well translated by Charlotte Forten, for Scribner & Co., New York. It purports to be told by a boy, and is in fact wonderfully like an intelligent country lad, telling in his own clear, simple, earnest way the things he saw and heard during the stormy period of the first French Revolution.

The other volume is entitled "Arne: A Sketch of Norwegian Life," by Bjornson, an author who has great popularity in Norway, but first introduced into this country in a translation published by Sever & Francis, Boston. It is the story of a poetic peasant boy, who has a drunken father, told with unaffected, earnest simplicity, child-like and charming. The artless pathos of some of the scenes touch the heart like the tears of childhood. It makes one feel at home among the rural population of Norway, and excites a friendly sympathy with the joys and sorrows of their humble lot.

To me, this change from the inflated, sensational, fire-work style so much in vogue of late years is exceedingly refreshing. It is like leaving the elaborate dresses and the dazzle and glare of the ball-room or opera-house to ramble through the light and shadow of flowery fields in the spring-time.

Modern literature everywhere has been more or less infected with that diseased self-consciousness which makes it the paramount aim of authors to show off their own paces, in lieu of exhibiting their subject clearly. But of all writers these of our Southern States seem generally to have the greatest predilection for pompous language and for learned quotations, in which they often manifest a "vast and varied misinformation." They seem to have been so spiritually swollen by long habits of slaveholding that no words are big enough to express the magnificence of their ideas—especially concerning themselves and their own manners and institutions. And, among them all, I think no one rides so high a horse or exhibits such wonderful evolutions as Miss Evans, of Alabama. In her novel entitled "St. Elmo" a railroad accident gives rise to the following questions: "Was it a decree in the will and wisdom of our God, or a fiat from the blind fumbling of Atheistic Chance, or was it in accordance with the rigid edict of Pantheistic Necessity, that at that instant the cherubim of death swooped down on the sleeping passengers, and silver cords and golden bowls were rudely snapped and crushed?" She thus describes the manner in which an aged clergyman taught history to her heroine, a "poor white" of Tennessee! "In impressing upon her memory the chronologic sequence of events, he grouped into great epochs the principal dramas over which Clio holds august critical tribunal." This extraordinary girl, in pursuit of education, is described as occupying herself with "the great Pythian games of speculation, where the lordly intellects of the 19th century gather to test their ratiocinative skill, and bear off the crown of bay on the point of a syllogism or the wings of an audacious hypothesis." The use the girl makes of her marvelous learning is truly Southern; she employs it to write a book on the origin of races, to prove that the white man is the foreordained lord and master of the black man and the red man.

Southerners are very proud of Miss Evans. They are carried away by her grand tempest of words. They remind me of the man in the "Old Drama," who exclaims enthusiastically: "I know no Greek; but I love the sound o'n't. It goes so thundering as it conjured devils!"

A reverend gentleman in the Louisville *Journal* describes Miss Evans in language nearly as high-sounding as her own. He says: "She can talk to you in all the modern languages, and all the terminology of metaphysics. She can give a map of antiquarian taste an inkling of all the traditionary lore of Tarquins, Korans, Richter, etc. She can discourse of cookery-books or Coptic manuscripts. Mention Pomponatius,* Feurbach, Cousin, and you shall soon feel that she is a triumphing sun amid the vapors of cloud-land. If she ever marries, it will take a patriarch* whom no earthly prize can allure from his Laura to win her heart and hand."

These quotations remind me of Mr. Foote, formerly member of Congress from Mississippi, who was famously fluent in the "spread-eagle" style. A gentleman once remarked to Mr. Berrien, of Georgia:

"Foote has great command of language."

"On the contrary," rejoined Berrien, "language has great command of *him*."

* Petrarch, probably, never thought of being handed down to posterity as a "*patriarch*."

* Who was Pomponatius? Perhaps the writer meant Pomponius Atticus, the friend of Cicero.

EDITH WAKING UP.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

MAMMA picks her from her nest
In a snowy night-robe drest;
Plucks the cherries from each cheek,
Red ripe, such as robins seek;
Takes her captive, round and fair,
Talking thus adown the stair.

Wake up, darling, stretch and squirm,
Mamma'll hold you snug and firm:
Don't you hear the birdies sing,
In the shade-trees on the wing?
Don't you see the rays of gold
Falling on the curtain's fold?

Like twin pansies are your eyes,
Dewy in the glad sunrise;
Lift long lashes! double day
Beams in mamma's East away;
My twin suns! go up the blue,
Home's our earth; its light are you.

O twin hands of pink and white,
Restless from the morn till night;
O twin feet, where will you go,
Running nimbly to and fro?
Back from flower to hive you'll flee,
Like a little busy bee.

Life seems scarce as long to me
As to you the day will be;
Come what grief, or come what cheer,
Each small minute is a year;
And before the twilight star
You'll outlive Methuselah.

EMMANUEL. GOD WITH US.

BY REV. EDW. P. CUTTER.

WHEN we consider the wonderful power and glory of the Godhead, revealed in the mighty works all around us, in the heavens above and the earth beneath, we are amazed at the boldness of the "humble Nazarine" in putting himself forth as the living manifestation of God to men. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." We trace the record of lowly life from the manger of Bethlehem, the exile in Egypt, the seclusion at Nazareth, on through the humble ministry of suffering, toiling labor; and what is there visible but humanity—the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief? There are, indeed, tokens of divine presence upon him—at his birth, at his baptism, and all along the pathway; but the idea of *the man*—like us in trial, in sorrow, in conflict, in sympathy with us as "touched with the feeling of our infirmities and tempted in all points as we are," sustained and strengthened under his burdens by prayer and heavenly ministries—is the great idea impressed on the mind.

Yet this same humble teacher has for a name "Emmanuel"—"*God with us*"—*i. e.*, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person"; and boldly declares to his disciples: "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him"; for "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

These are wonderful words. They reveal a manifestation of God not seen nor read in his works, those unchanging witnesses of "the eternal power and Godhead, a new manifestation in Christ, such as had not before been given to men. For Christ ever represents himself as bringing out a new and hitherto not understood revelation of God, rather than as merely corroborating what was already known from the witness so clearly written on the page of creation. He was to set forth the image of God's love. The heavens and the earth told of his power. In their vastness and variety, in the harmony of their seemingly conflicting elements and the wonderful regularity of their ever-active movements, they revealed the omniscient mind and the omnipotent arm. But man was awed by this greatness, and shrank trembling from a presence so infinitely greater than himself. He yearned for some manifestation of God that might bring him nigher to man in his sympathies, as a child might yearn for his kingly father to put off the royal robes and the awful surroundings of the throne, and take him upon his knee as a father rather than as a king. Hence, the varied embodiments of the Godhead in the sun and stars, and idols of every name! It was man groping blindly for some image of God to bring him nigh—to make him tangible, visible; as one who mingled with men, and shared with them life's toils and conflicts.

These manifestations of God, wrought out by man's act and device, had all the evidence of their origin in the unworthiness of the intellectual conception, and the utter debasement of the moral character, given to the Godhead. They had also man's idea of God, in his feelings toward men—for man was a sinner—and, as a sinner, "when he remembered God, was troubled," and hence God was clothed with fear. The idea of a loving Father was never wrought out by the thought of man. All ancient and modern forms of religion, framed from human conceptions, testify to this fact.

In Christ we have another manifestation. It is not the ideal of human philosophy, not the rude conception of some dark age, in the early morning of earth's history, embellished and adorned by the poetry and eloquence of many generations, like the old mythologies, nor the likeness of any of the varied forms and symbols under which man has sought to know and understand God. It is not a man mightier than his fellows, or marked by more heroic or philanthropic life, elevated after death to rank with the gods, as in the deified heroes of olden time; but God manifest in a living man, dwelling on earth, and walking among men, a visible, tangible image of the invisible Godhead, shewing alike the spotless purity and the boundless love of the Eternal Father. This is ever the one idea of the Christ. It is God putting on human nature, the only-begotten Son, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, taking the form of a servant, born of a woman, made under the law:—the Word, who was with God, and was God, made flesh, and dwelling among us, in the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Everywhere it is God taking on him the seed of Abraham: hence the peculiar force and beauty of the name EMMANUEL, *God with us.*

"The God shines gracious through the man," and sheds light along all the paths of human life. It was a grand idea of the old mythology that raised a hero benefactor to sit among the gods; but it was the reward only of the few, it was beyond the hope of attainment by the masses. It is a grander idea that brings God down to us all, to partake of our common humanity, to walk by our side, to share our burdens, to sympathize in our sorrows, to lead us along the sunshine and shadow, to tread with us the Valley of Death, and bring us to dwell forever with him in endless life. This hallows all the paths of earth; for God's footprint stamps them all, and he is ever our companion and guide.

This we have found in Christ—in him alone. In him we come to God, and God comes to us. For it is only as we see Jesus, the man like unto us, walking with us amid all the changes of time, that we discern the Father's presence; for he comes alone in Christ—as Emmanuel—God with us.

"My God, with me in every place!
Firmly does the promise stand,
On land or sea, with present grace
Still to aid us near at hand.
If you ask, 'Who is with thee?'
God is here, my God with me!

"No death, nor prison, nor the grave
Can exclude him from his own.
His cheering presence still I have,
If in crowds or all alone.
In whatever state I be
Everywhere is God with me!"

ROCKLAND, ME.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, March 2d, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

PERHAPS the worst set of "rings" ever known in the West are those that infest the Illinois legislature this winter. Highwaymen are respectable by the side of attorneys who deliberately undertake to corrupt a whole legislative body to aid a party of plunderers. Worse still are those who secure an election, and then accept large retaining fees from the very corporations that are bending every energy to public corruption and theft. I can point to men, of previously respectable character, who, in one or two terms in the legislature, have utterly lost the good opinion of their acquaintances to such an extent that honest men hesitate to speak to them. One scheme likely to pass gives almost the whole outer harbor of Chicago into the control of the Illinois Central Railroad. And even men who represent Chicago have been influenced by weighty considerations to favor such a measure. Another infamous proposition was the plan, not yet abandoned, of letting Buckmaster, the old penitentiary lessee, have about three hundred convicts, transport them to the old prison at Alton, and work them for his own benefit. But what can we hope for under our present system? We pay men two dollars a day to make laws. They pay four dollars a day for board, and then make money out of the position. But there has been, so far, enough virtue—or, at least, fear of public indignation—to make it difficult if not impossible to pass the worst of these schemes. Considering the character of some of our legislators, the most disinterested act they have performed has been their vote for the repeal of the law abolishing capital punishment. Doubtless there are good and true men at Springfield—men who are to be pitied.

Years ago the present writer was a pastor in Stillwater, Minnesota, the metropolis and outfitting point of the St. Croix lumber region. Great numbers of men—"millmen," "loggers," and "raftsmen"—have their headquarters in a town like this. Absent from their homes—in the camps, or on the "drive," or on the raft a great part of the time—they fall into vice as naturally as sailors. What to do with them or for them was the vexed question among the pastors of the St. Croix Valley at that time. Twice a year, in truly catholic and Christian spirit, we got together; and the one uppermost question was sure to be the good-natured, drinking, swearing, dare-devil fellows, who had too many good traits to be disliked and too many ... to not to be a great source of corr... I have, in those days, walked the main ... eet of Stillwater of a Saturday evening with an armful of tracts, distributing them to the hundreds who filled the saloons and crowded the sidewalks, always receiving a hearty "Hello, preacher, give us one!" "Hand 'em over this way!" or a good-natured cursing, if, by mistake, I gave a German tract to a New Brunswick Irishman. I cannot say that the tracts did any good, or that tracts were just the thing; but, at any rate, I learned to enjoy their hearty greeting, and to rejoice if I saw in my congregation the next day a washed and shaved "logger," who came just because "the preacher wasn't afraid to talk to a feller." I have wandered into this bit of reminiscence on the occasion of hearing that Rev. E. Wright, the pastor of one of the churches in that city of mills and booms, has recently made a winter tour of the logging-camps, having wisely selected for a companion Mr. K. A. Burnell, who, of all men, is perhaps best adapted to this work. They were everywhere kindly received, by Catholics as well as Protestants. Why does not somebody, who has money that he intends to give to endow some professor to teach Greek paradigms, endow, instead, a mission to the three thousand lumbermen in the St. Croix woods? They have felled two millions of feet of lumber during this winter, and by the time the drive is over and the lumber in the market these hardy men will have spent six months entirely removed from the influence of home, and church, and civilization itself. Of their hard-earned money, it is estimated that Stillwater saloons will get seventy-five thousand dollars, at least. We have seamen's bethels where there is not half the opportunity to do good that there is in the pineries.

Rev. Robert Collyer addressed the Woman's Suffrage Convention at St. Louis, on Saturday; and Rev. J. H. Bayliss, of the Park-avenue Methodist church in this city, preached in favor of the movement on Sunday last. Thus do "orthodox" and "liberal" in Chicago vie with each other in the advocacy of the ballot for woman. The daily morning papers either oppose the movement or give it the cold shoulder. The evening dailies, which are less partisan and more "home papers," favor it mildly. We have two or three other papers that advocate it boldly, but not in such a way as to help it much. The *Chicagoan*, for a while conducted by January Searle, has since he left it sunk into a trashy and obscure insignificance, from which it has tried to redeem itself by ultraism on the woman's rights question, declaring that the movement looked to the utter abolition of the present legal marriage system. The article was printed on slips and distributed through the Library Hall Convention as an advertisement. It attracted but little attention, and served only to deepen the conviction of the public in regard to the hopeless imbecility of the "literary paper" of Chicago. Meantime, everybody waits for that promised paper of Mrs. Livermore's. She is too prudent to involve herself in any such blunders as have characterized the course of the *The Revolution*. Of the religious press of the city, the *Northwestern Advocate* openly favors suffrage for women, while *The Advance* and *The Standard* are opposed to the movement. The invincible and irrepressible Anna Dickinson, who changed the topic of her lecture once for the sake of putting the finishing touches to Robert Laird Collier, changed it last night, and, instead of "Fair Play," gave "Foul Play," an off-hand, eloquent, and altogether scathing review of the Chicago papers—*Tribune*, *Times*, *Advance*, and all. Her former lecture the *Tribune* garbled, leaving out her allusions to Mr. Collier. But, if she comes again, the association will have to take a larger hall, for her popularity grows with every lecture.

It is reported that Rev. Charles D. Nott, of Urbana, Ill., has been called to the Presbyterian church at Kansas City, Mo. He has not yet accepted. We hear of a good deed by a Boston gentleman, worth recording. Mr. W. Carlton sent, all the way from "the Hub" almost to the periphery, a hundred dollars' worth of lamps and brackets for the Congregational church at Galva, Ill.

Extraordinary revivals are reported in various parts of Iowa; and, indeed, all over the West.

There are so few Christians who ever remember Christ in the poor-house, or who ever look into a county-jail, that it does one good to know that at Ann Arbor both are cared for by Christian laborers. The Episcopal church looks after the poor-house, while Prof. Spence labors in the jail. Who will go and do likewise?

The Iowa Christian Commission held its second anniversary at Ottumwa last week. It was a delightful and enthusiastic meeting. There is the most cheering report of religious work of all kinds in that noble trans-Mississippi state. Improved methods of Sunday-school convention organization are being introduced; and we hear everywhere of a success that must make Illinois look well to her laurels. The next state Sunday-school convention will be called to meet at Des Moines, on the 15th of June.

Ten years ago Minnesota speculators thought to hasten the rise in the value of their property by loaning state credit to the amount of five millions of dollars to railroads. Of course, railroads that are "kited" always break down; and so they did in Minnesota. But the bonds had to be paid. It is true, the present holders have bought them at a fraction of their cost; but they are claims against the state for their face. There is a strong party in favor of repudiation of some sort; but Governor Marshall, with that manly honesty and courage that has characterized all his private and public acts, protests against the dishonoring of his state. We doubt not he will carry his point by the same pluck with which he persisted in fighting for equal suffrage until it was carried at the third trial. PENHOLDER.

Temperance.

THE young ladies of Dover, Wayne County, Ind., have formed a society for the redemption of young men from bad habits. Each of the members has pledged herself not to receive the attentions of any young man who uses liquor, tobacco, or profane language.

....A gentleman was reasoning with a whisky-drinker, and told him of a toper who died a while ago from internal combustion. "How did it happen?" asked the drinker. "In trying to blow out a candle, the flame caught his breath, and he burned up," was the reply. "Well, now," said the Bourbon lover, "here upon my oath I pledge myself never to blow out a candle as long as I live!"

....The Boston *Traveler* says: "Portland has elected Democratic city officers for the first time since 1860. At the presidential election the Republican majority was nearly 1,400. Cause of the change: the people will not submit to the rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law. A similar result will be seen in the large towns and cities of this state, should the 'General Court' be unwise enough to re-enact the prohibitory law, unamended, and foolish enough to suppose that it can be thoroughly enforced." This is strange ground for the *Traveler* to take.

....At a temperance convention, not long ago the subject of using liquor for medicinal purposes was considered, and one gentleman thought it not expedient to pass any resolution on the question. His wife, who occasionally mingles in debate at such meetings, took the opposite side, and said: "If my husband were sick, and a physician should order him to use whisky, and I knew it would save his life, and that he would die if he did not take it, I should consider it my duty not to let him have it." Those who know the lady believe she would be "as good as her word."

....The Penns... Temperance Convention was h... ...rsburg, Feb. 23d. The resolutions adopted declare that, although much has been done and said against the liquor traffic, the friends of the temperance cause find themselves still very far behind the accomplishment of their great object; that alcoholic fluids have no value as beverages, and, therefore, it is wrong to sell them as such, and what it is wrong to sell it is assuredly wrong to buy; that the buyer is a criminal participator in an immorality which outlaws all the substantial injustice of stealing, by giving a consent which he has no right to give, without which the evil could not be done, and, as this is without the paltry excuse of profit, the buyer is, if there be a difference, worse than the seller; that the two thousand millions annually transferred to the pockets of sellers is more than the value of all the stolen goods in the world, and, therefore, it is of much more importance to be rid of liquor-drinkers than to be rid of thieves; and it will be impossible to get rid of thieves while a respected liquor-drinking party exists. It was also resolved that prohibitory leagues should be established, and sobriety should be considered as essential a qualification to office as competency or honesty; also that local prohibition, wherever it is possible to secure and enforce it, is the true course for the friends of temperance to pursue at this most important period of the temperance movement.

....The Boston *Traveler* tells this story: In one of the villages of Enfield, N. H., a large number of men have been in the habit of meeting at a liquor-saloon every Sabbath, and spending the day in beer-drinking and other dissipation. On a recent Sabbath they met as usual, and the fact that the keeper of the place was suffering from *delirium tremens* did not deter them from spending the day there. But one of the men, who had been a leader in their dissipation, while on the way home, began to ask himself what would be the result of this course; and came to the conclusion that the fate of the saloon-keeper would soon be that of himself and his boon companions. Before he slept that night he had decided upon his future course, but kept his own counsel. The next day he secured a hall, and posted notices that a meeting would be held there on an evening named, without stating its purpose. It leaked out who had hired the hall; and, as he had been somewhat famous for his joking propensities, there was great curiosity among the villagers, who expected some rare sport would be had. The evening arrived, and the hall was filled with the old companions of the lessee, who was promptly on hand. Mounting the rostrum, he made a powerful temperance speech; told them that they were all going to ruin together, but he had made up his mind to reform, and should take his wife and children to church on the next Sabbath. He then produced a temperance pledge, affixed his own name to it, and so great was the influence of his remarks and his example that one hundred and thirty names were affixed to it before the meeting closed. Since then the good work has been going on, and the pledge has been taken by over two hundred persons in the village.

....The committee on liquor laws in the legislature of Massachusetts has reported as follows: Messrs White, Tweed, and Buttrick, of the Senate, and Baker, Davis, Dawes, and Johnson, of the House, in favor of the old prohibitory law, with a clause providing against its enforcement in cases now pending; Senator Todd, and Messrs. Burrage, Hurd, Nelson, and Crosby, in favor of the repeal of the present law and the re-enactment of the old law, with the exception that it shall not apply to the sale of cider or malt liquor containing less than five per cent. of alcohol, when such are not sold at a public bar, or to be drunk upon the premises; and also that it shall not come into effect till May 1, or be in force in pending cases. Report No. 3 is by Messrs. Ritchie, Plumer, and Child, and also recommends the old prohibitory law, carrying with it all its machinery, and retaining the full benefit of all the decisions upon its various sections. They believe that their bill restricts the sale to the utmost limit, and that it is better to err on the side of restriction, if at all. "We believe that common courtesy to the different tastes and opinions of strangers, who may visit our state, and the imperative demands of the traveling public, require that the guests of our hotels should, at least, be enabled to obtain wines, malt liquors, and beverages of a like nature for their private uses, and that families shall have the privilege of procuring such liquors of their family grocer, for use in their own houses in such manner as they see fit, without being cross-examined as to the reason why and purpose for which it is obtained." It is further provided that this act shall not apply to manufacturers, or to cases now pending, and that it shall go into effect on the first of May. Senator Dean and Mr. Plunkett, of Pittsfield, do not sign either of the three reports.

Art and Artists.

COLTON, ZAHM & ROBERTS, Art Publishers, 172 William street, have sent us their latest chromo, a copy of Dieffenbach's "Little Red Riding Hood." Dieffenbach has treated the subject in a way peculiar to himself, and his picture has been much admired. The copy is a good specimen of chromo-lithographic art.

....At the sale of the Leutze collection last week most of the articles offered brought very good prices, particularly the furniture and books; but the prices of the landscapes show a very decided subsidence of the mania which once existed for that class of subjects. While Mr. Guy's small *genre* picture, entitled "Who's There?" brought $700, Mr. Bierstadt's "Yo Semite Valley" brought but $405.

....The collection of casts from antique marbles recently presented to the Yale School of Fine Arts, New Haven, was opened to the public a few days since. It consists of nearly one hundred pieces, cast mostly from the statuary found at the Parthenon and Acropolis of Athens, and which were made between the fifth and sixth centuries. Most of the pieces are small and represent events in Grecian history.

....A very lively discussion has been carried on for some months past concerning chromos. The point in dispute is not as to the special value of any particular chromo picture, though a celebrated Boston manufacturer of lithotints appears to be a good deal mixed up with it, but whether the cause of art can be benefited by multiplying good paintings in the chromo-lithotint method. The public, as a jury, decided the question in favor of the chromos at the outset, before the discussion of the question was entered upon. The appeal to public taste was direct, and the verdict was rendered promptly on the merits of the case. Here, for example, was a pretty little poultry scene, representing a highly interesting group of the quail family, painted by Mr. Tait, full of tenderness and sympathetic feeling for our fellow bipeds who are born with feathers and wings. The picture would form a very desirable ornament for almost anybody's sitting-room or parlor, but the cost of it placed it beyond the reach of the great mass of the community; and, besides the cost of it, the power of the artist to produce similar pictures was very limited. So in steps the chromo-lithographer, and reproduces the picture so accurately that only by very close inspection can the difference between the original and the copy be discerned, and so cheaply that any person with an ordinary income may be a purchaser. Now, can any one say that the cause of art is injured by a process which cheapens art without cheapening the labor of the original artist? Of course, every one would be better satisfied to possess the original painting than to have the copy; but those who are fortunately able to buy original paintings and indulge in the feeling of exclusive ownership of a fine work of art, are still free to do so. The abundance of cheap chromos in no manner interferes with the rights of picture-buyers or picture-sellers in their personal property. There is one wealthy connoisseur who carries the feeling of exclusiveness so far that when he buys a picture he locks it up in his gallery, and will permit none but the members of his own household to see it. Can there be any doubt as to which is best for the interests of art, to hide the productions of our artists from the public gaze, or to permit their reproduction, so that all the world may enjoy them? The merits of particular chromos is altogether a different question. The chromo manufacture is a purely mechanical operation, and there is no reason why it should not be carried on here just as well as in Europe. Berlin, at present, enjoys the reputation of producing the finest chromos, and the very best example of the art that we have seen is the reduced copy of Mr. Bradford's "Sealers Crushed in the Ice," which was executed there. Mr. Heade's view of the Bay of Rio Janeiro, which is a very fine specimen of the art, was executed in London. Many of the Boston Chromos are worthy of high commendation, and good pictures of this class are now becoming almost as cheap as paper-hangings. The reduced copy of Eastman Johnson's "Boyhood of Lincoln" is really a much more effective picture than the original, which was too large for the subject. The paintings which have usually been selected for chromos have not been of the highest class, but there is no reason why they should not be. The "Old Oaken Bucket" style of art is not calculated to do much good, except by teaching the people what not to buy; but, as Webster's Spelling-book must be put into the hands of a scholar as an indispensable preparation for Shakespeare and Milton, the cheap chromos which have now become so popular may be just as necessary as a preparation for the coming Geromes of American Art. And, apropos of Gerome, we are very happy to announce that the last great painting of this artist, Napoleon in Egypt, has arrived in New York, and will be exhibited by Mr. Knoedler at his new gallery in Fifth Avenue.

Music.

MISCELLANEOUS concerts during the past week have been fewer than usual, Miss Kellogg and the Philharmonic Society having nearly monopolized the attention of the lovers of music. The young American prima donna has been singing in her favorite character, the *Margaret* of Gounod's "Faust," to overflowing houses, and with very fair support. The critical portion of her audience is better pleased than when she sang at the beginning of the Winter.

....The Amateur Philharmonic Society has given its second concert in Brooklyn, and acquitted itself to the satisfaction of its friends; though the interest attaching to so young a society must, of course, be more in its promise than its performance. This, and a concert given by Madame de Lussan, at Steinway Hall, with the assistance of some of her fellow-members of the choir of St. Stephen's R. C. church, and other artists, are the only general concerts which we have to notice. Madame de Lussan's concert was very successful.

....The fourth Philharmonic Concert came off on Saturday evening, and the Academy, as usual, was uncomfortably crowded. A suite of Bach's was the opening piece; and, although the general public entertain rather an unwholesome awe of this old giant of counterpoint, it was keenly relished, especially the beautiful air which forms the second movement, and the lively gavotte which constitutes the close. Mendelssohn's charming overture to "the Lovely Melusina," that most renowned of all French fairies, who every Saturday was changed from the waist downward into a loathsome serpent, and Schumann's fine symphony in D minor, well-known in New York, were likewise performed by the orchestra, and all performed well. Madame La Grange sang an air from "Fidelio," and another from "Don Giovanni"; and the Arion and Liederkranz societies, numbering together about 150 voices, gave the grand double chorus from "Lohengrin" with superb effect.

....The concert given by Mr. F. L. Ritter, on Saturday afternoon, at Steinway's smaller room, was the first of a series of three, by which he proposes to illustrate the history of music and the characteristics of the principal national schools. He began with the old English school, represented by William Byrde, Orlando Gibbons, Henry Purcell, John Blow, and Henry Carey, and reaching from the close of the 16th to the beginning of the 18th century. This was followed by the old Italian school, in which appear the names of Scarlatti, Nicolo Porpora, Marcello, Galuppi, and Pergolesi, illustrated with some fresh and charming compositions, so thoroughly suited to modern tastes that it is difficult to understand how they have fallen into oblivion. The third part of the programme comprised folk-songs, some of them of the most remote antiquity and belonging to various nations, and some pianoforte compositions of Chopin's, founded on popular national melodies. The execution of this interesting programme was confided to three artists only. Mr. Mills played all the piano pieces, Mrs. Ritter sang all the songs, and Mr. S. F. Warren played the accompaniments.

Scientific.

IN blasting down a hill in California, 1,200 kegs of powder were lately used.

....The *Lancet* recommends a French way of preserving eggs by plunging into a cauldron of boiling water a colander containing one dozen, and allowing them to remain for one minute. This immersion coagulates a thin layer of albumen on the surface, and the admission of air is thereby prevented.

....Although the dentists of Japan have advanced so far as to prepare sets of artificial teeth fitted to the irregularities of the gums and palate, and supported by atmospheric pressure, they extract teeth in a most uncivilized way, by pulling them out with the fingers, after having loosened them by blows with a mallet.

....Every one knows that the disease known as trichiniasis is produced by eating diseased pork, but it is not so generally known that the tape-worm has a similar origin. It is always introduced into the system by eating meat, generally pork, which is diseased. If "measly pork," not thoroughly cooked, especially in sausages, be taken into the stomach, the immature forms of the tape-worm in the pork will develop in the intestines. Sausages should never be eaten unless cooked so as to be crisp, if even then. This worm affords an example of alternate generation.

....Prof. Wm. P. Blake, of California, has presented a paper to the French Academy, giving the result of his examination of the Yo Semite (Yo Sem-i-te) Valley, which seems to prove that it was the vast outlet of a series of glaciers which covered the Sierra Nevada above it. This valley is a gorge six miles long, having vertical walls from one to two-thirds of a mile high, and with the rounded or dome-shaped *moutonée* summits that are characteristic of glacial action. There is no reason to believe that this gorge is due to any volcanic fracture, as the glacial action is sufficient to explain it.

....It is calculated that at the present rate of consumption the entire pine-forests of Michigan will be cut down in less than seventeen years; and, as Michigan is by far the largest pine-producing state in the Union, there is every reason to expect a scarcity of lumber before many years. In 1867, 1,378,275,000 feet were produced in that state. Thirty acres of good ship-timber are required to build a common-sized lake steamboat. It seems as if it were time for us to adopt something similar to the French system for the planting and protection of forests.

....The late journey of Piaggia, an Italian, who has resided for 18 years in Africa, makes it almost positive that there exists west of the Albert Nyanza a large lake, known to

Our Young Folks.

THE BIRDS AND THE SERPENT.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

PARENT BIRDS were fondly flitting
In a green and spreading tree,
Or amidst its branches sitting,
Singing to their nestlings three.

But upon a summer morning
Notes of gladness changed to fear,
Save a most expressive warning
That some dreaded foe was near!

Ruffled plumes and restless pinions,
Fluttering wildly all around;—
What shall harm those green dominions?
Who invades that sacred ground?

Now the eye discerns it clearer—
Need there is for fear and dread!
Every moment climbing nearer,
Gleams a serpent's glossy head!

Firm the mossy branch enfolding,
Circling slowly upward still;
Plainly now the prize beholding,
Bent to rifle, rob, and kill!

Ah! the fright, the anguish uttered
In those wild, discordant strains!
Then like darts away they flattered—
One resource alone remains.

There's a poison-leaf which groweth
Rank and fetid in the waste;
This their wondrous instinct knoweth
Deadly to the serpent's taste!

Swiftly with the bane returning,
Terror thrills each tiny breast,
For the fiery balls are burning
Close beside the sheltered nest!

Now the forky tongue is darting
Midst the poison round it shred;
Lo! he pauses, writhes, and, darting
Backward, tumbles stark and dead!

Ah! what strains of pride and gladness
Tell the escape and victory!
No more terror, dread, or sadness
In the green and spreading tree!

HOW I BECAME THE OWNER OF A CAT.

BY COUSIN MARY.

My cat, Jelly, is an animal distinguished by great dignity and stateliness of carriage; and my first acquaintance with him was under such very peculiar circumstances that I feel it incumbent on me to relate them, believing that the story will not prove to be wholly void of entertainment to my young friends. His name will probably suggest to you some raid upon the preserve-closet, so brilliant and successful as to give him a right to this appellation, after the manner of some ancient heroes, whose valiant deeds were commemorated by a change in their patronymic; but it has a derivation totally different from what one might suppose, judging from its sound, as I shall by and by explain.

Several years ago I was walking with two of my young friends in the late afternoon of a bright day in May. We were traversing a somewhat dirty street, in a suburb of one of our large cities. The occupants of the houses were evidently tempted by the sweet air and sunshine to desert their dingy rooms for the genial warmth and brightness of the world outside. The street was lined with them: mothers, with nursing babies in their arms, sitting on the door-steps; stalwart fathers, swarthy and grimy with the day's toil, lounged in the doorways or collected in little knots at the street-corners; children of all ages were rollicking, tumbling, and chasing each other on the sidewalks and through the middle of the street. Even the old grandmothers had crept out into the sunshine; one I distinctly remember, sitting on a rough wooden bench, beside a ruinous old house, her wrinkled face upturned, and her dim eyes fixed upon the golden west. I was wondering what the poor old dame might be thinking of, when my attention was attracted to a group of children who had gathered at the crossing beyond. A boy of six or seven years old was the center of this company: and the grown-up boys, and even the fathers, were watching him with interest.

He had something attached to the end of a string, which at intervals he shook, swung aloft, or trailed upon the ground. I glanced at it, supposing it to be a bit of old cloth; and wondered that the circle gathered around the urchin constantly increased in size. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was not a rag, as I had supposed, but a miserable *kitten*. My first impulse was to go on without interference, as the poor thing was 'probably almost if not quite dead. Yet I hesitated, stopped, and addressed the child kindly (perhaps his brutality came through ignorance): "My boy," I said, "you are killing your kitty! Loosen the string around its neck: here, I will help you." But the little tyrant seemed interference, and responded to my appeal by jerking the poor animal maliciously. One of my companions, a young, tender-hearted girl, spoke: "Here! I'll give you this," she said, taking a small coin from her purse, "if you will let the kitty go."

The boy sullenly shook his head; evidently he was not to be bought.

"I wish we had not stopped," I whispered to my other companion. "The kitten will suffer all the more for our efforts in its behalf; we shall have to leave it in their hands, after all, and that little brute will torment it worse, if possible, when we are out of sight." I paused to watch Edith, who had changed her tactics, and was urging a little girl of nine or ten, who stood looking on, to take it away from the boy. "I will give you the money," she said; "you can make him let it go, I know." The girl smiled doubtfully, and shook her head. I turned reluctantly away, though I must confess my impulse was strong to shake the young tyrant till he should be glad to let his victim go; but I forbore for several reasons, one of which (a cowardly one) was that we three, with the cluster of children, were rapidly becoming the center of a crowd of half-grown boys, and not a few of the men who had been lounging at the street-corners were among them.

Jennie, my other friend—scarce seventeen, but a woman in dignity and self-possession—had looked on with compressed lip and flashing eye, but without uttering one word. We turned away utterly discomfited; a few steps had taken us out of the crowd, when involuntarily I looked back. The unfortunate kitten was being held aloft in triumph by his tormentor, and the performance was varied by a series of malignant jerks. The poor thing struggled violently; it was not so near death as I had supposed. Edith uttered a low exclamation, and Jennie darted back, the crowd making way for her impetuous movement.

"I'm afraid she cannot get it," faltered Edith, while I saw with a sudden sense of triumph an open penknife flash in Jennie's hand, as she cut the string. The boy and his sympathizers stood as if spell-bound; and Jennie walked back to us, very pale but unmolested, the poor, draggled kitten lying in her arms.

We walked on rapidly and silently for some minutes, half expecting that a rescue would be attempted.

Looking back at length, we saw that we were not followed, and breathed more freely.

"I ought to have done that at first, Jennie, but it never once occurred to me that we could take it entirely away from its tormentors. What do you propose to do with it?" I added.

"You must take it into your family of course, Mary."

I stood aghast. That little, draggled, gray morsel to come in with my Italian greyhound and snowy rabbits!

"You know I can't do anything with it, Jennie."

She replied by fondling the little head, which seemed likely enough never to move again of its own accord. It was a sharp struggle for life with the abused kitten even now.

"Poor thing!" she said. "I cannot take it to New York with me, or I would not trouble you; and Edith is going away too."

"After risking what you did to save its life, Jennie, it ought not to be neglected; but I never cared specially for cats."

"I shall leave it in your room, nevertheless," Jennie said, quietly; "and I know you can't help nursing it up—you, who told me last summer that you set out plants which had been thrown out of the beds into the garden-paths, because you said you could not resist the mute appeal of their poor little roots, lying helpless under the glare of the sun."

"Yes, Mary," said Edith, "do you remember how I laughed at you for transplanting your puny pansies, with even more care than the thrifty ones? You could not bear that they should not have a fair chance for life, you said. Look at this poor thing, and see if you can resist such a 'mute appeal' as that!"

The "mute appeal" was successful; the kitten did look wretched enough, though cradled in Jennie's handkerchief, against her soft white sacque. I succumbed.

When Jennie called on me the next morning, she found "Tiger," as she called him, exhibiting anything but a tigerish appearance, being meekly extended on a cushion in the window-seat, in the full glow of the sunshine, between two magnificent Callas, which I had parted to make room for him.

"Ah! you have him under the Callas, haven't you, Mary? Very appropriate; perhaps they'll whisper in his ear the legends they heard from their ancestors who dwelt among the rushes on the banks of the Nile. It may put a little self-respect into him to hear of the lofty position his kin once occupied in Egyptian temples, where they were worshiped as gods." And Jennie laughingly bade both me and my uncouth pet farewell.

There was little enough of the natural playfulness of kittenhood about him for weeks. It was long before the trials of early youth were obliterated from his memory. To lap his allowance of milk, stretch his legs lazily and sleep in the sun, seemed to be all he was capable of for a time. As months passed on, and he received none but gentle treatment, he seemed to be reassured, and occasionally betrayed an impulse toward friskiness; but his demeanor never at that time lacked a certain gravity, becoming in a kitten who had known reverses.

He had one strange habit, and the mention of that peculiarity brings me to the promised explanation of his name. He would open his mouth as if about to utter the most piercing cry; but no sound accompanied this demonstration. An old aunt of mine, who was very deaf, advised me to get rid of that kitten, "because it mewed so incessantly."

"Why, aunt," said I, "he never makes the slightest noise!"

"He looks as if he did," said my aunt, shaking her head gravely.

So I named him Mr. Jellaby, from the inveterate habit which my little cat and Mr. Dickens's hero had in common of opening their mouths as though about to give vent to something, and shutting them again without having emitted a sound.

So Mr. Jellaby, otherwise called Jelly, lived on. He has now, at the age of three years, apparently quite forgotten his misfortunes, is a huge glossy fellow, spotted and striped like a tiger, is aristocratic in his tastes, and as to his palate dainty exceedingly.

He patronizes my beautiful greyhound as an animal inferior to himself, but quite passable; and would, I have no doubt, turn up that fastidious nose of his in high disdain if his sight were offended with so miserable a little waif as he himself was when he first took possession of his cushion in the window-seat, under the shadow of the Callas.

Whether these Egyptian lilies have instructed him with regard to the sacred glory of his ancestors, or whether the germ of self-esteem implanted in him by nature has been luxuriantly developed by the care his weakly infancy demanded, we cannot say. We only smile at his affectation of superiority to others, knowing that beings of a higher race often pride themselves on a position which they owe to no exertions of their own, but to the reputation of some ancestor or to the generosity of some friend.

Sabbath-schools.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Spencer, Mass., has established six mission schools in that place during the past year.

....The Sunday-school libraries of New York City are forming an organization, and have been discussing the merits of various library systems.

....The first institute of the New Jersey State Association was held at Paterson, N. J., Feb 16th, 17th, and 18th, under the direction of Rev. Mason Gallagher.

....Rev. A. G. Byers, chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary, says that of 374 convicts received there in 1868 5 attended Sunday-school regularly till 18 years old, 250 attended irregularly, and 121 never attended at all.

....The *National S.-S. Teacher* says of the immense South Mission Sunday-school that for the lessons "the verses are counted out by sevens, regardless of sense, as the Fifth-Avenue fishwoman bought her books by the yard."

....The Connecticut State Sunday-school Convention met in Hartford, March 2d, 3d, and 4th. It was very largely attended. Dr. Bushnell preached the opening sermon, and Dr. M. L. Scudder was appointed temporary chairman.

....There is a Sunday-school in a school-house in Pierson, Montcalm Co., Mich., which continues its sessions all winter, while the other schools in the vicinity are hibernating. This year the members commenced holding nightly prayer-meetings with the week of prayer, and a revival followed, with 40 conversions.

....A report of Sunday-school effort in Minnesota, which we find in the *S.-S. Times*, says that full reports are now coming in of all the county conventions auxiliary to the state convention. In the county in which St. Paul is situated there are 28 Protestant schools, of which 4 were organized in 1868, having 359 teachers and 2,873 scholars, and reporting 119 conversions. There are 11 children's prayer-meetings reported.

....At the Presbyterian ministerial convention lately held in Cincinnati one clergyman stated that his first religious impressions were received 45 years ago, at a children's prayer-meeting, led by a girl nine years old, who, he said, pleaded as she grew to womanhood the fervency of her Christian life. Was it wrong for her to lead that prayer-meeting? and, if not, at what age would she be disqualified? This incident shows that children's prayer-meetings are not an entirely novel institution.

....The First Presbyterian church of Chicago has a membership of 1,100 in its home school, 1,200 in the North Star Mission (including a large German school), and five other missions, with an attendance varying from 40 to 450—making a total of 3,165 members and an average attendance of 2,300. During the year one brother secured the attendance of 600 scholars. During the year 115 conversions have taken place in these schools. At the close of the anniversary exercises a collection of $4,300 was taken up for the support of the schools. The First church certainly tries to feed the lambs.

....Dr. Guthrie says that, while the streets of Edinburgh were infested thirty years ago with begging children, he has not for the last three months seen in the same streets a ragged boy going about begging. The governor of the jail says a comparison of the statistics for the five years ending June, 1850, with those for the five years ending June, 1868, shows a decrease of 32 per cent. In the commitments to prison, while there is not one juvenile under 14 years of age now committed for 6 that were so committed 20 years ago; while for the ages between 14 and 16 years the commitments are less than one-seventh as many. This diminution of beggary and crime both Dr. Guthrie and the governor of the jail refer in a large degree to the influence of the ragged schools.

....No doubt scores and hundreds of churches have been established, as a second stage in religious advancement, where the first stage is a Sunday-school. A communication from a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union mentions some such cases. It would have added to its value if the names of the towns had been given in full. He says of one place: "Some years ago a Sunday-school was organized in a *double corn-crib*, and sustained for a long time by a Baptist gentleman and Presbyterian lady. Afterward preaching was begun and a Methodist church was established, composed of the members of this school. A Moravian church has since been formed. In 1855 I organized a Sunday-school in O——, Iowa. In gathering the children and a few dollars for a library, I found eight members of Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and got them engaged in the enterprise. After a time preaching was established in connection with the school. This was the foundation of what is now known as the D—— Congregational church, at a division-station of the N. W. R. R. In C——, a new railroad station in Illinois, a Sunday-school was started; and by the faithful labors of a young man from Auburn, N. Y., a very precious work of grace was experienced both in the church and in the Sunday-school. Six united with the church from the Bible-class, and the Sunday-school has grown from 40 to 90. In D—— S. a Sunday-school was organized, in advance of the church, in a carpenter's shop, and went thence into a saloon, an unfinished store-house, the dining room of a hotel, and finally into the new railroad depot, where it is now held. They intend to organize a Congregational and a Methodist church.

Foreign Gleanings.

M. TROPLONG, who was for a long time president of the French Senate, is dead.

....Queen Victoria is about to publish a new book, descriptive of some of the clans of the Scottish Highlands.

....According to a Vienna paper, the ex-Queen of Spain has bought an estate in Hungary, and proposes to go and live there.

....The carnival in Rome has been a complete failure this year. The Roman people do not think merry-making becomes them at present, and they will not have it.

....Twenty-nine thousand volumes were added last year to the Printed Book Department of the British Museum. We should very much like to know how many of these were novels.

....The young Prince Imperial of France has been ordered by Dr. Conneau, the eminent physician and devoted friend of Louis Napoleon, to give up velocipede riding, in consequence of the feebleness of his health.

....The residence of Mr. Bancroft, U. S. minister at Berlin, has been robbed by burglars. How so police-watched and police-ridden a city as Berlin comes to have burglaries going on in it passes our understanding.

....A new work is announced in Brussels by the author of the celebrated satire, *Les Propos de Labienus*, an attack upon the Emperor Napoleon, which created a great sensation in Europe some two years ago, and caused its author, M. Rogeard, to be hunted out of Paris.

....An English religious paper publishes an advertisement from "a beneficed clergyman," offering to "lend" his weekly sermons, which he describes as "original, earnest, and evangelical," to any clerical brother for half a crown apiece, or four for ten shillings. He finishes by a request for "mutual confidence."

....A royal commission in England has just published a report on the irregularities and defects of the various systems of marriage prevailing in the United Kingdom. There are exactly twelve different ways of contracting marriage in different parts of the kingdom. In England there are five kinds of marriage, in Ireland four, in Scotland three. In Scotland almost any sort of half-implied engagement is held, under certain circumstances, to constitute a marriage. All this, of course, leads to serious and often shocking irregularities; and the commissioners recommend the adoption of one simple, uniform system for the whole kingdom.

....A benevolent society of French ladies is at present trying a plan for the reformation of some of their fallen sisters who are in the St. Lazare Prison, Paris. They arrange for the marriage of some of the women with discharged male convicts, and give to each couple a present of 300 francs to start them in their new career—of honesty and virtue, let us hope. The scheme reminds one painfully of a certain savage epigram by Swift; but let us hope it may be successful. The marriage of Jean Valjean and Fantine might have turned out a happy event; perhaps "Les Miserables" is a truer picture of life than most of our critics here were inclined to believe.

....Lord Gough, the British field-marshal who acquired so much celebrity, and at one time incurred so much undeserved reproach, during England's Indian wars, has just died at a very advanced age. He was an Irishman by birth, a fact which was flung in his face by some of the London journals when he sustained a check at the battle of Chillianwallah. The *Times*, in especial, rang the changes on "Donnybrook strategy" and "Tipperary tactics," forgetting, apparently, that the Duke of Wellington likewise came from the land of Donnybrook. Lord Gough re-established his military reputation almost immediately after, by the victory of Guzerat. He was in his ninetieth year when he died. Lord Gough was not a commander of the first rank; but he was a brave, energetic, and capable general.

....Mr. James Greenwood, of London, the celebrated "Amateur Casual," has just brought to light the operations of a peculiarly odious and wicked trade now going on in England—the manufacture of sham and worthless life-buoys. Mr. Greenwood bought several life-buoys himself at places which were indicated to him as suspicious; and he soon found that, though all stamped with the words "warranted corkwood," not one of those he had got was stuffed with cork. Rushes, shavings, and straw constituted the principal material. One of them sank in an hour with a weight of only ten pounds attached. The best of the lot only bore the same weight up for four hours. A buoy-maker in Shadwell (a low part of London, near the river and the docks) frankly told Mr. Greenwood that not one in a dozen of the buoys he and his class turn out is good for anything. The employers, principally Jews, do not give enough, he said, to render it possible that the buoys should be stuffed with cork. It seems that the English seamen have for a long time been losing faith in the life-buoys; and many sailors say they would rather go down to the bottom at once than be slowly drowned by the agency of the treacherous deceptions. The affair has created considerable sensation in London.

....The London *Saturday Review* has had a fierce attack on Mr. Hepworth Dixon's latest work, *Her Majesty's Tower*. Mr. Dixon is one of the authors whose books are always pretty sure to be attacked by the *Saturday Review*. Charles Reade was for a long time in a similar condition; but it does not seem to have hurt him much. *Apropos* of Charles Reade, we fancy some of the evidence given as to English literature and journalism, in the Reade and Sweetzer trial, will amuse a good many London authors and publishers. The evidence as to the circulation and influence of certain journals was very funny. The statement that Charles Reade gets higher prices for his writings than any other author in England except Dickens was likewise not bad—if meant as a joke. Better still was the grave evidence, given apparently in perfect good faith, that there were rumors at one time in London about Dickens employing persons to help him in writing the Christmas stories, and that Dickens and his friends found it necessary to explain or refute these reports. The fact is that these Christmas numbers were always avowedly and notoriously written by different hands, Mr. Dickens only supplying the literary thread which strung them together; that in many cases the names of the writers (Andrew Halliday, John Hollingshead, Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, "Hesba Stretton," and others) were printed in all the advertisements of the stories; and that until the Reade trial in New York nobody ever supposed or suggested that there was any mystery, doubt, rumor, concealment, or denial about the whole matter.

Pebbles.

A LITTLE school-girl in Norwich gave this pretty definition of the word happy: "To feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

....The wise and witty clerk of the Massachusetts house of representatives once said that the "Blue Book" was made up of public acts and *private axes*.

....Some one writes to the Chicago *Post* to give reasons why he thinks female compositors are inferior to male printers. One of the reasons is that he cannot swear at the women.

...."You ought always to take me out with you, my dear," said a wife. "You know they say that happiness was born a twin." "Yes, love; but not a Siamese twin," said the brute.

....A Methodist magazine says that "since Charles Wesley no Methodist has produced any lines so worthy of being styled true poetry as Mr. Punshon." Mr. Punshon may be true poetry; but what Methodist produced him?

....A lady in Belfast, Ireland, after questioning the child of a charity school about what the wife of a king or emperor was called, asked: "What is the wife of a duke called?" "A drake!" exclaimed several voices.

....Young lady (who has been taken half a mile beyond her destination): It's really too bad! I told you, when I first got in, where I wished to be set down! Conductor: Well, Miss, I let you out as soon as ever I could find it in my 'art to part with you.

....A three-year-old youngster saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed: "I wouldn't have done it."

...."It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

....A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying: "I've lived long enough to learn that a woman's just as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse."

....Gen. Grant received the other day by express a stout, new, three-stringed broom, with red-white-and blue handle. Several persons were present in the General's room when it was handed to him, and numerous jokes passed as to its being an intimation that he should "sweep clean"; but the General himself expressed no opinion.

...."What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendôme, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered. "Well, I never did!" she exclaimed: "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! but it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow!"

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

Citizens of the United States:

YOUR suffrage having elevated me to the office of President of the United States, I have, in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office prescribed therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, with the determination to do, to the best of my ability, all that it requires of me. The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought. I commence its duties untrammeled; I bring to it a conscientious desire and determination to fill it, to the best of my ability, to the satisfaction of the people.

On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my judgment; and, when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not. I shall, on all subjects, have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike—those opposed to as well as those who favor them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

The country having just emerged from a great rebellion, many questions will come before it for settlement in the next four years which preceding administrations have never had to deal with. In meeting these it is desirable that they should be approached calmly, without prejudice, hate, or sectional pride, remembering that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object to be attained. This requires security of person, property, and for religious and political opinion in every part of our common country, without regard to local prejudice. All laws to secure these ends will receive my best efforts for their enforcement.

A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this, *principal and interest*, as well as the return to a specie basis, as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, or to the country at large, must be provided for. To protect the national honor, every dollar of Government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public place, and it will go far toward strengthening a credit which ought to be the best in the world, and will ultimately enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay. To this should be added a faithful collection of the revenue, a strict accountability to the treasury for every dollar collected, and the greatest practicable retrenchment in expenditure in every department of government.

When we compare the paying capacity of the country now—with ten states still in poverty from the effects of war, but soon to emerge, I trust, into greater prosperity than ever before—with its paying capacity twenty-five years ago, and calculate what it probably will be twenty-five years hence, who can doubt the fesibility of paying every dollar then with more ease than we now pay for useless luxuries? Why, it looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us a strong box—the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the far West—which we are now forging the key to unlock, to meet the very contingency that is upon us.

Ultimately it may be necessary to increase the facilities to reach these riches, and it may be necessary also that the General Government should give its aid to secure this success. But that should only be when a dollar of obligation to pay secures precisely the same sort of dollar to use now, and not before.

Whilst the question of specie payment is in abeyance, the prudent business man is careful about contracting debts payable in the distant future. The nation should follow the same rule. A prostrate commerce is to be rebuilt, and all industries encouraged.

The young men of the country—those who, from their age, must be its rulers twenty-five years hence—have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor. A moment's reflection as to what will be our commanding influence amongst the nations of the earth in their day, if they are only true to themselves, should inspire them with national pride. All divisions, geographical, political, and religious, can join in this common sentiment.

How the public debt is to be paid, or specie payments resumed, is not so important as that a plan should be adopted and acquiesced in. A united determination to do is worth more than divided councils upon the method of doing. Legislation on this subject may not be necessary now, not even advisable; but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channels.

It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith, to collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly accounted for and economically disbursed. I will, to the best of my ability, appoint to office those only who will carry out this design.

In regard to foreign policy, I would deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other; and I would protect the law-abiding citizen, whether native or of foreign birth, wherever his rights are jeopardized or the flag of our country floats. I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us, we may be compelled to follow their precedent.

The proper treatment of the original occupants of this land, the Indians, is one deserving of careful study. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship.

The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation are excluded from its privileges in any state. It seems to me very desirable that the question should be settled now, and I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the fifteenth article of amendment to the Constitution.

In conclusion, I would ask patient forbearance one toward another throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen to do his share toward cementing a happy Union; and I ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this consummation.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Senators:—In entering upon the duties in this chamber, to the performance of which I have been called by the people of the United States, I realize fully the delicacy as well as the responsibilities of the position. Presiding over a body whose members are in so large a degree my seniors in age, and not chosen by the body itself, I shall certainly need the assistance of your support, and your generous forbearance and confidence. But, pledging to you all a faithful and inflexible impartiality in the administration of your rules, and earnestly desiring to co-operate with you in making the deliberations of the Senate worthy not only of its historical renown, but also of the states whose commissions you hold, I now proceed to take the oath of office required by law.

MR. COLFAX'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE.

ON Wednesday, March 3d, Mr. Colfax resigned the office of Speaker of the Fortieth Congress, his duties as Vice-President requiring his presence in the Senate before the final adjournment of the House. He addressed the House as follows:

Gentlemen:—The opening of the legislative day at the close of which I must enter upon another sphere of duty requires me to tender to you this resignation of the office which by your kindness and confidence I have held, to take effect on the election of a Speaker for the brief remainder of this session.

The parting word amongst friends about to separate is always a regretful one; but the farewell which takes me from this hall, in which so many years have been spent, excites in me emotions which it would be useless to attempt to conceal.

The fourteen years during which I have been associated with the representatives of the people here have been full of eventful legislation, of exciting issues, and of grave decisions vitally affecting the entire Republic. All these, with the accompanying scenes which so often reproduced in this arena of debate the warmth of feeling of our antagonizing constituencies, have become the record of history. And I but refer to them to express the joy which apparently is shared by the mass of our countrymen, that the storm-cloud of war which so long darkened our national horizon at last passed away, leaving our imperiled Union saved; and that the decree of this people—more powerful than presidents, or congresses, or armies—liberty was proclaimed throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.

But I cannot leave you without one word of rejoicing over the present position of our Republic among the nations of the earth. With our military power and almost illimitable resources, exemplified by the war that enveloped them; with our rapidly augmenting population, and the welcome at our gate to the oppressed of every clime; with our vast and developing agricultural, mechanical, manufacturing, and mineral capabilities; with our frontage on the two great oceans of the globe, and our almost completed Pacific Railroad, uniting these opposite shores, and becoming the highway of nations, the United States occupies a commanding respect among the powers of the world which insures the maintenance of all its national rights and the security of all its citizens from oppression or injustice abroad. Nor is this all. The triumphal progress of free institutions here has had its potent influence beyond the seas. The right of the people to govern, based on the sacred principle of our Revolution, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is everywhere advanced—not with slow and measured steps, but with a rapidity that within a few years has been so signally illustrated in Great Britain, Spain, Italy, Russia, Hungary, and other lands. May we not all hope that, by the moral but powerful force of our example, fetters may everywhere be broken; and that some of us may live to see that happy era when slavery and tyranny shall no more be known throughout the world, from the rivers to the end of the earth.

I cannot claim that, in the share I have had in the deliberation of the legislation of this House, as a member and an officer, I have always done that which is wisest and best, in word and in act; for none of us are infallible. But that I have striven to perform faithfully every duty; and that, decided, as all know, to principles that I have deemed correct, the honor and glory of our country have always been paramount and above all party ties, I can confidently assert. And that I have sought to mitigate the harshness and asperity which the collision of opposing parties so often evoke must be left to my fellow-members to verify.

In the responsible duties of the past six years I have endeavored to administer the rules you have enacted for your guidance, both in letter and spirit, with an impartiality uninfluenced by political associations or antagonisms. And I may be pardoned for the expression of gratification that, while no decision has been reversed, there has been no appeal—sometimes taken as they are by a minority as a protest against the power under the rules of a majority—which has ever been decided by a strictly party vote. If, in the quickness with which a presiding officer here is often compelled to rule, hour after hour, on parliamentary points, and in the performance of his duty to protect all members in their rights, to advance the progress of public business, and to preserve order, any word has fallen from my lips that has justly wounded any one, I desire to withdraw it unreservedly.

I leave Colfax Hall with no feeling of unkindness to any member with whom I have been associated in all the years of the past, having earnestly tried to practice that lesson of life which commands us to write our enemies on the sand, but to engrave our friendships on the granite. But the last word cannot longer be delayed. I bid farewell to the faithful and confiding constituency whose affectionate regard has sustained and encompassed me through all the years of my public life. Farewell to this Hall, which in its excitement and restless activities so often seems to represent the throbbings and the intense feelings of the national heart; and, finally, fellow-members and friends, with sincere gratitude for the generous support you have always given me in the difficult and often complex duties of this chair, and with the warmest wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity, one and all, I bid you farewell.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. CLISERET.—A Paris letter relates the following:

General Cliseret, returning home alone one evening, was attacked by an armed brigand. The great strength of the General rendered him indifferent to such incidents. He seized the ruffian by the throat and threatened to strangle him. On examining the captive more closely, Cliseret recognized him as a personage with whom he had already had dealings. "Why, you rascal, you are the same man who robbed my tent in Algeria of five hundred francs in gold!"

"Ah! General, but if you knew the circumstances! They had written to me from Europe that my poor mother was dangerously ill, and I wanted to send her some assistance. But I entreat you, General, have some pity on me; give me my liberty this time, and I swear to pass the rest of my life in repentance."

The General granted the prayer, let the fellow go, and thought no more about the matter. A long time afterward he received a box containing five hundred francs and the following letter:

"This restitution, General, proves to you that a good action is never lost. To procure this sum, that I engaged myself to return to you, I have been obliged to beat out the brains of two men, to force three secretaries, and break in the doors of three inhabited country houses. You see, General, that a benefit is never thrown away."

Commercial Notices.

"CRAMPTON BROTHERS" IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large percentage of *Vegetable Oil*, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson street. Office 84 Front street, New York.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but P. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea-shore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard and Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

VERMONT SPRING WATER.—The great remedy for cancer, scrofula, Bright's and other kidney diseases, and all impurities of the blood. Thousands attest its wonderful efficacy. SAXE & Co., Sheldon, Vt., and 417 Broome Street, New York.

THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS, 77 and 83 Liberty st., are prepared to erect Fronts of Iron for Dwellings, to take the place of brick or brown stone, equally handsome, more durable, and much cheaper.

PROF. BLOT'S SOUPS.—Tomato, Pea, Julienne, Vermicelli, It. Paste Consommé, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Green Turtle, Terrapin, Tomato Sauce and Catsup. Sold by Grocers and Provision Dealers. Depot 2 Vesey St., N. Y.

PRICES CURRENT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—DUTY: 2½% ad val. Pot, 1st sort, 7.75 a 8.00; Pearl, 1st sort, 11¾a 12; Soda, 1st sort, 6 a 6½; Saleratus, 8.00 a 8.50; Adam me Clip—20 a 0—63; Adam's, State—20 a 0—55; Other kinds, 40 a 0—50.

BOOKS—DUTY: 30c. ad 25% ad val.

BRICKS—DUTY: Fire, 35% ad val. Hard, 15.00 a 16.00; Soft, 8.00 a 9.00; Pressed, 16.00 a 18.00; Fire, 30.00 a 35.00.

BRISTLES—DUTY: Free. Russia, 40c. a 0; Hog, Am., 30c. a 0; Hog, Canada, 25c. a 0; Hog, Chinese, 20c. a 0; Hog, Mexican, 25c. a 0; Hog, Russian, 30c. a 0; Hog, Siberian, 25c. a 0; Hog, Spanish, 25c. a 0; Hog, Turkish, 25c. a 0; Hog, Western, 25c. a 0; Hog, White, 30c. a 0; Hog, Yellow, 25c. a 0; Hog, Zanesville, 25c. a 0; Hog, Other kinds, 25c. a 0; Boar, 25c. a 0; Bear, 25c. a 0; Badger, 25c. a 0; Horse, 25c. a 0; Cow, 25c. a 0; Goat, 25c. a 0; Sable, 25c. a 0; Other kinds, 25c. a 0.

BROOMS—DUTY: 35% ad val. Common, 1.00 a 1.50; Fine, 2.00 a 3.00; Whisk, 1.00 a 1.50; Other kinds, 1.00 a 1.50.

BUTTER—DUTY: Free. Ohio, 30 a 0—40; Western Reserve, 30 a 0—40; Other Western, 30 a 0—40; Orange County, 40 a 0—45; Other New York, 40 a 0—45; Vermont, 40 a 0—45; Other New England, 40 a 0—45; Pennsylvania, 40 a 0—45; Canada, 30 a 0—40; Other kinds, 30 a 0—40.

CANDLES—DUTY: Sperm, 30% ad val. Sperm, 40 a 0—45; Adamantine, 20 a 0—22; Stearic, 20 a 0—22; Paraffine, 20 a 0—22; Other kinds, 20 a 0—22.

CANDLESTICKS—DUTY: 35% ad val. Brass, 1.00 a 1.50; Other kinds, 1.00 a 1.50.

CHEESE—DUTY: 4c. per lb. Factory, 18 a 0—20; Private Dairies, 18 a 0—20; Ohio, 16 a 0—18; Western, 16 a 0—18; Other New York, 16 a 0—18; Vermont, 16 a 0—18; Other New England, 16 a 0—18; Pennsylvania, 16 a 0—18; Canada, 16 a 0—18; Other kinds, 16 a 0—18.

CHINA—DUTY: 35% ad val. Common, 1.00 a 1.50; Fine, 2.00 a 3.00; Other kinds, 1.00 a 1.50.

CLOCKS—DUTY: 30% ad val. Common, 1.00 a 1.50; Fine, 2.00 a 3.00; Other kinds, 1.00 a 1.50.

COAL—DUTY: 40c. ad 20% ad val. Liv. Orr'tion, 6.00 a —; Sidney, 6.00 a —; Picton, 6.50 a —; Anth. Pilsom, 8.00 a 8.50; COCOA—DUTY: 3 c. ♥ lb. Maracaibo, 18 a 0—20; Guayaquil, 18 a 0—20; Para, 18 a 0—20; St. Domingo, 18 a 0—20; COFFEE—DUTY: 5c. ♥ lb. Java, w'h'a, Wheeld, 31 a 21½; Java, Mocha, 14¾a 15; Laguayra, 14½a 17; Maracaibo, 13 a 13½; St. Dom. ocan, 12¾a 14; COPPER—DUTY: Pig and Bar 2½c. and Sheathing 3c. ♥ lb. Am'can Ingot—26½a 26¾; Satisfact'ories, 26½ a 0; Statesexcra tion, 26 a 0; Extra Ingot, 0; Ohio, 65½ a 77½; Bolts, 55 a —; Sheathing and Bolts, 42½a 44; Yellow Metal, 35 a —; COAL—DUTY: Bituminous, 75c. a $1 ♥ ton; Anthracite, 50c. a $1 ♥ ton; Liverpool, 6.00 a 6.50; Cannel, 6.00 a 6.50; Scotch, 6.00 a 6.50; Welsh, 6.00 a 6.50; Sydney, 6.00 a 6.50; Nova Scotia, 6.00 a 6.50; Other kinds, 6.00 a 6.50; COTTON—DUTY: Free. Sea Island, 40 a 0—45; Florida, 35 a 0—40; Mobile, 30 a 0—35; New Orleans, 30 a 0—35; Texas, 30 a 0—35; Memphis, 30 a 0—35; Upland, 30 a 0—35; Other kinds, 30 a 0—35; CURRANTS—DUTY: 4c. ♥ lb. Vostizzas, 12 a 0—13; Other kinds, 12 a 0—13; DRUGS—DUTY: Various. Alcohol, 1.85 a —; Aloes, ♥ lb., 20 a —; Al

NOTICES.

☞ By agreement, the Editor's responsibility for the contents of this paper does not include the Commercial and Financial Department, Commercial and Business Notices, Publisher's Notices, Premiums, and Advertisements; for all which the Publisher, who is at the same time Commercial Editor, is exclusively responsible.

☞ All communications for the Editorial, Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this journal should be addressed to **Theodore Tilton, Box 2787.**

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department, to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned.

The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, March 11th, 1869.

THE TURNING OVER OF THE NEW LEAF.

As a sleeper who has had a horrid nightmare wakes thankfully in the harmless morning; or as a traveler after floundering in a slough rejoices to set foot on the green earth; or as a thirsty Arab in the desert espies with gladness a wayside well; or as a hungry lecturer, cast away on the prairies, discerns a smoking log-cabin, and warms his wintry appetite with a "square meal"; so (not to multiply inadequate illustrations) we are at this moment enjoying a solemn merriment of mind over the nation's change from ex-President Johnson to President Grant.

Is it possible that the worst of American rulers, like all other calamities, has at last expired by limitation? Are we actually rid of "this body of death"? May we really tune our happy voices to sing the grateful hymn that celebrates "the curse removed"? Yea, verily! And yet, the joyful event seems almost too good to be true. The sudden change is so unreal that we feel like the Scotch woman in the ditty,

"Downright dizzy wi' the thought."

Any American citizen who should now appear to be sorry for Andrew Johnson's final and total eclipse would be a fit subject for the legal process called *de lunatico inquirendo*.

"Democratic institutions are a failure," said *The London Times*, in 1860; but a republic which has been able to endure Andrew Johnson has now proved itself to be as stable as a monarchy which can endure *The London Times*.

In turning from Johnson to Grant, we do not follow the multitude of fire-worshipers, who make a cunning distinction of reverence between the setting and the rising sun; for, as we never offered sacrifice to the one orb, we are in no haste to build an altar to the other. Let not the nation too blindly follow its new leader. This man's hand is not yet to be kissed. The probability is that in half a year President Grant will be the best-abused man on the continent. The American people have a passionate generosity, which makes them exalt their favorites into idols; and they have likewise a maid's fickleness of favor, that makes them turn as quickly from the object of their first fond enthusiasm. Mr. Grant (for let us now promote the soldier into the civilian) swiftly earned, and may as swiftly lose, his great prestige. Perhaps he knew (and perhaps not) that by accepting the presidency he voluntarily put in peril one of the greatest reputations of modern times. Wellington, great as a soldier, proved to be poor as a statesman. Can Grant succeed where Wellington failed? Heaven give him the needed strength and wisdom! Our whole heart's best wishes go out for the prosperity of his administration; and, though these wishes mostly take the color of bright hopes, yet they are nevertheless tinged with some shadowy apprehensions.

The Inaugural is full of pith and promise. It hits three nails squarely on the head. First, the honest writer of it says: "Every dollar of government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract"; an utterance which has the sound of Abraham Lincoln's own voice. Second, in referring to the Indians, he says: "I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship"; the noblest official expression which (so far as we now remember) has ever been given by a President of the United States concerning these injured children of the Republic. Third, on the great problem of the negro's enfranchisement, he says with manly explicitness: "The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation are excluded from its privileges in any state. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now. I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the fifteenth article of amendment to the Constitution." We hope the President's recommendation will receive the prompt response of all the legislatures now in session. The amendment is not all that we wanted; it will soon need to be supplemented; but it is a flood-wave that will float the Constitution still further toward the final high-water-mark of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Andrew Johnson's Farewell Address is unlike Washington's in one particular: it will not become classic; at least, we modestly venture the opinion that it will never take rank among immortal state-papers. "Calmly reviewing my administration," says the philosophic renegade, "I feel that I have nothing to regret." It is safe to say that the sole regrets excited by Mr. Johnson's administration have been felt not by himself, but by the rest of mankind. He who afflicts a whole nation ought himself to remain happy; otherwise, universal misery, without exception, would fill the land.

It is difficult to read this prater's harangue without feeling that he is partially insane. For instance, what American president of sound mind could be guilty of saying, "It would have been no difficult task to direct at pleasure the destinies of the Republic, and to make secure my continuance in the highest office known to the laws"? Does this madman suppose that he could have successfully made himself dictator? He might as well have hoped to become the Emperor of France.

His Parthian arrow at Mr. Stanton—whom he calls a "bold, defiant, and treacherous cabinet officer"—will prick the American people into a new sympathy for the great war minister who conducted equally well his warfare against two traitors, Jefferson Davis and Andrew Johnson.

The most sentimental phrase in the valedictorian's lugubrious farago is the passage in which he speaks of "retiring from the highest office in the gift of the people." The high office from which Mr. Johnson retired came to him not by gift of the people, but by gift of the Devil. And for nearly four years he diligently administered it in the interest of his master.

Mr. Wade's retirement from the Presidency of the Senate (and probably from public life) is an event which ought to elicit for him an expression of national good-will. The "noble Roman" has served his country long and well; and his advancing age brings to him, if not "reverence," yet "troops of friends." A more honest man never breathed the breath of political life. In his honorable privacy let him be assured that his fellow-countrymen can never forget the brave battle he has fought. "Old Ben. Wade" is, probably, not a perfect man, and may never pass into any calendar as a saint; but

"Be to his faults a little blind,
Be to his virtues very kind."

Mr. Colfax, after his long experience in presiding over the turbulent House of Representatives, will at first find the quietness of the Senate like an old-fashioned New England Sabbath. He will revel awhile in a luxury of idleness. But his busy brain will not be slow in inventing some new duties, and in winning some new honors for the Vice-Presidency. Quite likely, with his winning and amiable manners, he will smile himself into an honorary seat in the Cabinet. There ought to be at least one sunbeam where there has so long been a storm.

Mr. Blaine, the new Speaker, belongs to a class whom both Johnson and Grant call upon to maintain the honor of the American name in the distant future—we mean the somewhat despised and downtrodden class of young men. Except for a few premature gray hairs in Mr. Blaine's head, one would take him for a bluff and hearty college student, off on a vacation. But, notwithstanding his youth, he knows how to preside over a body that pays no respect to age. He can tame lions. The whole circle of the House membership afforded no man more capable to succeed Mr. Colfax than Mr. Blaine.

The Cabinet as first drafted struck us with no surprise; for, as Grant himself was never identified with any great principles of politics or reform, we did not expect him to surround himself with a coterie of representative thinkers. Not one of the great heroes of the long warfare against slavery was asked to the council board. Gladstone remembered John Bright, but Grant forgot Charles Sumner. The American Cabinet, compared with the English, seems like a country school-house by the side of a university. But just as the Republic owes more to modest schools than to learned colleges, so we do not mourn that the Cabinet is common-place and second-rate, rather than brilliant or profound. We have great faith in ordinary men. It is of such that democracies are always made. It is by such that they must generally be governed. If the Republic cannot be successfully administered by mediocre men, then democratic institutions are a failure. The law of 1789, which makes Mr. A. T. Stewart ineligible, is laudable in purpose, but needs change of terms. For instance, had this law been enforced during the war, no person in the Treasury Department could have aided the Government by investing his private means in the seven-thirty bonds; but it was esteemed a patriotic duty by office-holders to invest their salaries in these bonds. Did not Secretaries Chase, Fessenden, and McCulloch so invest? No doubt of it. Moreover, if a Secretary of Treasury must not own a ship, why may he own a factory, or mill, or farm? But, though the law stands unchanged, we can prosper without Mr. Stewart's help. Indeed, had he not amassed so great a private fortune, we might more readily believe him competent to be a public financier. Money-making is one thing, statesmanship another. Chatham, the first financier of England, and Hamilton, his great peer in America, never either of them gave an hour's thought during their lives to making themselves rich. Mr. Boutwell, who now seems likely to be Mr. Stewart's successor, has the signal qualification of being as poor as a church-mouse. He is as honest a man as walks the earth. The Treasury will be under a grand guardian. The nation's money-bags will be safe.

Certainly the new administration has a fair start. Good men of both parties wish it well. There will be a general disposition to sustain its illustrious head. In fact, our chief fear is that this disposition will be too great. Better let the people keep in advance of the President than simply walk at even pace with his natural slowness and conservatism. What he chiefly needs at this moment is criticism. The corps of flatterers is always large, but the truth-tellers are yet a minority in the land. Having been heretofore among Grant's critics, we mean to continue the same friendly offices; and we hereby smite him with the apostle's benediction of "Grace, Mercy, and Peace."

THE CABINET.

ON Friday President Grant nominated and the Senate immediately confirmed his Cabinet, as follows:

Sec'y of State.ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, Ill.
Sec'y of Treas'y..ALEX T. STEWART, N. Y.
Sec'y of Navy....ADOLPH E. BORIE, Penn.
Sec'y of Interior.....JACOB D. COX, Ohio.
Attorney-Gen...E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, Mass.
Postmaster-Gen....J. A. J. CRESSWELL, Md.

No nomination was made of a Secretary of War, the place being filled for the present by Gen. Schofield.

The new President kept his secret to the last, not one of the gentlemen finally nominated knowing beforehand that he was to have a place among his constitutional advisers. Mr. Washburne, the President's most intimate friend, was utterly surprised when he received the news of his nomination; and said to his friends, "I cannot accept, the climate of Washington is killing me." It is understood that he will hold the place but a short time, and then go abroad in a diplomatic capacity. Who will succeed him no one knows.

It is stated that the post of Secretary of the Treasury was first offered to George H. Stuart, and declined on account of ill-health. It is also reported that Mr. Boutwell declined the post of Secretary of the Interior, preferring to hold a seat in Congress. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, it is affirmed, was offered the post of Attorney-General, and, when he declined that, was asked to take either of two other Cabinet portfolios; but he insisted upon retiring to private life.

After the confirmation of Mr. Stewart it was discovered that there was a law making him ineligible on account of his mercantile business. It seems strange that this law should have escaped the notice of the astute lawyers of the Senate, but such is the fact. The President on the following day sent a special message to the two houses, asking them, by a joint resolution, to exempt Mr. Stewart from the operation of the law. Mr. Sherman and others seemed disposed to comply at once with this request; but Mr. Sumner decidedly objected, insisting that it was a grave question, demanding careful consideration. As we go to press (Tuesday afternoon) we learn from Washington that Mr. Stewart is trying to make some arrangements in regard to his business that may make it possible for him to hold the place to which he has been appointed. He offers, it is understood, to give up the management of his mercantile affairs for the next four years to trustees, and to relinquish all the profits of the same for any charitable purpose that the said trustees may appoint. Some think this would do; while others insist that he cannot thus divest himself of the interest which the law makes a disqualification. It is certain that the law will not be changed, and the impression is almost universal that Mr. Stewart must resign; in which case Mr. Boutwell will probably be appointed in his place, and Lyman Trumaine or Judge Pierrepont take the place of Attorney-General.

LAMARTINE.

ONLY a few days ago it was announced that Alphonse de Lamartine was about to issue his literary testament in the form of a poem, which was to bear the suggestive, melancholy title "Forgetfulness." We do not know whether there is anything ominous in the fact that the death of the poet himself is to be followed by the issue of a poem with such a name. Lamartine dies—and "Forgetfulness" follows him. No man ever held fame sweeter than Lamartine did: and there was a time when he could inhale it to the full. There were long years during which he lived in actual glory as a poet, a romancist, a historian, an orator, and a statesman. Then came a gradual extinction of the lights. It became evident that he was not a statesman. The world ceased to believe in his oratory. Historians proved that his history was his most brilliant romance. Critics found out that some of his most successful romances had all the dullness of the most orthodox history. France saw that she had living poets, to say nothing of the dead, incomparably superior to Lamartine. At last it came that Lamartine's renown was but a dim memory. Now that he is dead, one begins to ask already, Will anything of Lamartine's live? Was there any reality whatever in him; or was the man's fame but a glittering illusion, a vapor, a dream?

The grand defect of Lamartine's character was its total want of simplicity. Just the same was the defect of his style as an author. Men who knew him have positively affirmed that at the very time when all France, and, indeed, all the world, was being roused to lyrical enthusiasm by Lamartine's glittering, gorgeous, romantic pictures of the Girondists, the author was to be heard assuring some of his private friends that he despised the Girondists—that they were a mere *canaille*. We do not of our knowledge affirm that this is true of Lamartine; but we had distinct assurances of the fact from an eminent author, politician, and critic, who knew him well. However that may be, it is certain that a prevailing insincerity—we now speak rather of the author's style than of the man's nature—runs through all that Lamartine has written. Lady Hester Stanhope positively declared that the accounts he gave of his interviews with her in the Lebanon were entirely imaginary and fictitious—she used, indeed, rather more direct Saxon forms of expression. We do not believe that Lamartine sat down to invent stories and pass them off as truth; but we do believe that the indulgence which he gave to mere sentiment, the egotistical ease with which he yielded himself up to any mental impression that afforded him delight, and the entire want of robust manhood in his nature, rendered him very likely indeed to confound what he fancied he ought to have seen or heard with what he really did see or hear. He loved luxury, and refinement, and flattery. When he visited the East, he chose to travel like a sultan or a prince; and throughout his whole career he literally flung away money, when he had it, to gratify his own tastes and sentiments. Let it be said that many of these sentiments were in themselves noble. He loved to do deeds of splendid charity. It delighted his heart, his senses, and even his vanity. He rejoiced in actually startling poor and suffering people by some dazzling act of unexpected munificence. But all the while he was beggaring himself and throwing away what was really the property of his creditors. For years and years back his career was perhaps the most humiliating ever accepted by a literary man. Compared with it the garret-drudgery of the Grub-street poet was dignified—nay, more, the reckless, scandalous poverty of the Quartier Latin Bohemian was honorable. Lamartine stood at the gate of the literary world and begged. The hat was always held out. The ingenuity of faithful friends was racked to devise new shifts and dodges for the raising of loans and alms to satisfy the creditors and meet the daily wants of the statesman who once stood highest among his countrymen—of the man who had flung away at least two fortunes in luxury and display. Nay, there was something even worse than that. Lamartine endeavored to make money by revealing some of the tenderest secrets of his early life. He told the stories of the girls who had loved him—of the one who died for him; and he announced that their charm and pecuniary value lay in their truthfulness. He dug up these dead loves out of their graves, and sold them for public dissection. One is sorry to think that some passages in the stories thus told, and for such a purpose, are among the most beautiful, tender, and touching that ever came from Lamartine's pen. There are pages in the story of Graziella so pathetic and so affecting that in reading them one is almost induced to think Lamartine must really have sometimes felt what he wrote. We suppose this method of raising money by exhuming and betraying the sad secrets of foolish and love-sick girls who were enamored of the poet when the poet was young is without example in the history of literature. It was invented by the man who boasted the most refined nature and reveled in the loftiest sentiments among all the poets of his day.

Certainly Sentiment has lost its poet in losing Lamartine. The difference between Sentiment and Feeling is the difference between Lamartine and say Victor Hugo, for example. Of course, we do not attempt to deny that Lamartine had great gifts. Nobody ever did, or could, attain to the lofty pinnacle of renown on which he once stood unless he were endowed with rare faculties. But they were, we think, in his case, rare faculties for seeming to be great. For a long time he bewitched the world and himself. As a poet he stood in rivalry—a rivalry of contrast—with Beranger. As an orator he was believed capable of coping on equal terms with Berryer or Montalembert. His History of the Girondists was eagerly devoured by thousands who had not read a line of Hume, were ignorant of Gibbon, and had probably never heard the names of such men as Robertson and Prescott. No man ever was so great in such various forms of greatness as Lamartine seriously believed himself to be, and for a time almost succeeded in persuading the world to believe him. He never awoke from the delusion; the world soon did. So for some years back he was still walking in a dream, among people wide-awake and busy with their own affairs. It is something gratifying to think, however, that they were not so busy as to forget altogether the now old, impoverished, and broken man, who once was their idol, gorgeously enthroned. The Parisians gave Lamartine a house near the Bois de Boulogne, and his closing months were less bitter, so far as poverty is concerned, than previous years had been. But death smote him heavily when it took his noble, true, devoted wife; and it best atoned for that blow by the later one which struck him down. He was a very old man when he died, and he had outlived all that was worth having. His wealth, his position, his fame, his wife were gone; his wife, as is the way of womanhood, being the last to leave him. Her he will surely rejoin; the fame which he so prized is gone forever.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S LAST WORDS.

LADY MORGAN, in one of her novels, describes the death-bed of a personage who closes his valedictions to his friends and relatives with the pious words: "I die in the true spirit of a Christian, leaving my bitter curse to Corny Kelley." Andrew Johnson's farewell address seemed to be inspired by the same sort of spirit. Certainly, it expressed the same sort of sentiments. Mr. Puff was sorry he could not so arrange matters that a group of his characters might be disposed of in the words "Exeunt praying." The historian may finish up Andrew Johnson with the words "Exit cursing." For the late President wound up his unlucky and disastrous career with a farewell address, which can only be described as a long litany of denunciation of his enemies: these enemies being simply the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Republicans, and all the honest and loyal members of any other party in the United States. Why Mr. Johnson should have delivered any farewell address no one can imagine—except that perhaps an instinctive sense of dramatic consistency urged him to complete a career at once ridiculous and odious by a final ceremonial which was ludicrous and impertinent. It is not the habit of retiring presidents to pause on the threshold, and, turning back, deliver a farewell harangue. Only twice before has such a thing been done; and there were peculiar reasons which called upon George Washington and Andrew Jackson to do it. No such reasons, no reason of any kind, invited Andrew Johnson to say a word. People only wanted to get rid of him as quickly as might be. The only favor he could have bestowed on anybody, seeing that his power to pardon rebels, and pirates, and scoundrels generally was over, was to take himself off without delay. Such a display as his is surely unparalleled in history or in literature. After having been raised by the accident of a great crime to a place which of his own merits and by the votes of the people he never could have attained; after having abused utterly the power placed in his hands; after having degraded the high office he held, and by the sheer force of perverse self-conceit and malign obstinacy done his best to throw back the country into a condition hardly better than that of civil war—after having done all this, and yet escaping unpunished, Mr. Johnson turns round and denounces the ingratitude of republics and the special wickedness of American Republicans. When Marino Faliero with his latest breath declaims against the Republic of Venice as a "Gehenna of the waters" we have to remember that he had at least done splendid service to the state, and that he is about to die by the hand of the state executioner. But that Andrew Johnson, who did all such a man could do to injure the state which patiently endured him as president, and who is now allowed to walk off unwhipped of justice, and hide himself in charitable oblivion, should howl about the malice of his enemies and the thanklessness of peoples may be taken, we fancy, as the finest specimen of unabashed impudence yet known to the world. Did Mr. Johnson ever at any time render any real service to the country? Well, if he did, he has his huge reward—he is allowed to go away unpunished for his later deeds. "*Habes pretium, loris non ureris . . . non pusces in cruce corvas*," is the reply of Horace to the servant who, grumbling because he has not been rewarded more highly, is able, unlike Mr. Johnson, to say with truth that he has not been a deceiver or a traitor, and that he has done no actual harm.

Who was it that on a certain memorable occasion declared that "treason must be punished," and added: "Were I President of the United States, I would do as Thomas Jefferson did in 1806 with Aaron Burr—I would have the traitors arrested, and, if convicted within the meaning and scope of the Constitution, by the Eternal God, I would execute them!" Did not these big words come from the lips of Andrew Johnson? And when, by an extraordinary and calamitous chance, this man became President of the United States, was he not the comfort, and the prop, and the accomplice of traitors and of treason? He might well be content with the impunity extended to his wrong-doings, and think himself the most fortunate of men that no worse penalty than contempt has befallen him. Mr. Johnson talks with a ridiculous affectation of magnanimity about invoking for his successor the "forbearance" of the American people "in his effort to administer the Government within the pale of the American Constitution." One wonders how the American people can have any forbearance left, so much of the article has been expended on Andrew Johnson. It was characteristic, highly characteristic of the man that he utterly failed to appreciate this. It was equally characteristic that, choosing to regard himself an injured and ill-requited patriot, he should have failed to see that a whine of complaint and a rhapsody of self-laudation do not constitute a dignified mode of retirement for a virtuous, great, and misprized statesman. The whole display was humiliating. That Mr. Johnson did go off with a farewell scene of tears and execrations can only, however, supply another reason for our being glad that he has actually got off, and that we are done with him. We can afford to bear even with his farewell address, when we remember that he is not, like a retiring actress, privileged to take ever so many farewells; and that, absurd, offensive, and outrageous as was his recent display, it had one grand, almost redeeming quality—it was his last.

COST AND PROFIT OF PENNY POSTAGE.

MR. ROWLAND HILL was a man of science, especially accomplished in mathematics. He entered upon the study of postage in a thoroughly scientific way, and his conclusions bore the stamp of a most faithful analysis. No branch of political economy, not even the Corn Laws, can show a greater number of mathematical certainties. Yet none of his writings are republished in this country, because so few men among us have been awake to the real importance of the subject, or have even comprehended the fact that it possesses the dignity of a developed science.

He began by a minute and exhaustive examination of the actual cost of postage on letters. He soon found that the cost of transportation, which is the bugbear of all superficial reasoners, constituted so small a part of the expense as to be hardly assignable—so small that it was absolutely impossible to make a graduation of it on account of distance. He proved by arithmetical demonstration that the entire cost of transportation of a letter, for any distance in Great Britain, is but one-ninth of a farthing, or one-thirty-sixth of an English penny—equivalent to a little more than half a mill of our money.

His calculations were based on the English idea, which looks to the post-office as an important source of revenue to the government. If we take the American view, which established the post-office purely to meet the necessities and promote the welfare of the people, we shall be brought to the conclusion that the weight of letters is not an assignable part of the cost of running the mails. The established unit of postage is half-an-ounce weight. But the actual average weight of letters in this country is shown by repeated trials to be much less than this. A few days ago, we weighed all the letters that came to this office by a morning's mail. Counting one double letter as two letters, the number was one hundred and sixty-one, and the weight thirty-seven and a half ounces, giving the average weight for letters of (0.227) a little less than a quarter of an ounce. Sixty-four such letters would weigh less than a pound. A hundred pounds would carry seven thousand, and a ton nearly one hundred and fifty thousand letters.

Now the postage on these 161 letters—all prepaid—amounted to $4.83. The postage on a hundred pounds of letters, on this calculation, would be $210; which would pay the freight to Liverpool of about two hundred and fifty barrels of flour. It is quite idle to suppose that the weight of letters constitutes any appreciable part of the cost of transportation of the mails.

In 1854 Pliny Miles published a pamphlet in postal reform, in which he gave the yearly number of letters mailed in the City of New York at a little over fifteen millions, which would allow forty-two thousand daily, weighing six hundred and fifty pounds. This, divided among all the daily mails, would give a hundred pounds apiece to the two daily mails in each of the three main routes, East, North, and South, and leave fifty pounds to be distributed among the lesser mails. An amusing telegram appeared in the daily papers last week, to the effect that "sixty tons of letter mails have been delayed" by the blocking up of the Union Pacific Railroad with snow. "Sixty tons of letter mails" would give above seven and a half million letters—or about ten letters to every inhabitant, man, woman, or child, of Utah, Nevada, California, and Oregon. The postage on these letters would amount to two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, accrued in four weeks only; equal to more than two million of dollars a year. At this rate the overland route would be a source of profit to the post-office.

So far as the weight of mails constitutes an element in the cost of transportation, it is to be charged to the conveyance of papers and other printed matter, including the immense quantities sent under the frank of members of Congress and other officers of the United States. This matter is always favored in this country. The general rate for printed matter is two cents per four ounces, or half-a-cent per ounce. But periodicals go at one cent per four ounces, and weekly newspapers go at twenty cents a year, or less than four mills each for papers not exceeding four ounces, going any distance, and with free delivery wherever there are carriers. Congress can never advance these rates. They show that, from the beginning, the post-office was regarded mainly as a convenience to the people, for the general diffusion of intelligence, and that the protracted attempts to make the letter postage pay the expense were as unjust as they were fallacious. Let us look on letter-postage with the same favor, and we easily come to the penny rate, as all that justice can exact or wisdom tolerate.

Mr. Hill then turned his attention to the other branch of expenditure of the post-office, which he considered under the general head of "management." His first discovery was that the cost of management was less than a penny per letter. The way was, therefore, perfectly clear to penny postage, so far as the cost of the service was concerned. But his grandl discovery was that this cost did not increase in any proportion to the increase of business. It was, therefore, demonstrable that the net profits would increase in full proportion to the increase in the number of letters sent through the mail. Eureka! he might well exclaim. Give me penny postage, and I have then nothing to do but to render correspondence by mail so convenient and attractive that everybody will go to sending letters on all occasions, and the prize is won.

There is the secret of the wonderful productiveness of penny postage. The post-office is made such an attractive convenience that the people of the country send above two million letters every day in the year, and that yields the clear profit of above $7,000,000 a year.

Washington Items.

REAL ESTATE is rapidly advancing in Washington. Business men now believe that the city will be more prosperous than ever before.

—Chicago has sent an elegant gavel to Mr. Colfax, for his use as President of the Senate. With or without it, *order* will most certainly prevail.

—The cable dispatch from Bismarck congratulating President Grant was received at the White House before Andy Johnson departed. Too bad!

—President Grant's policy, declared on the Fourth of March, unlike that of Andy Johnson, will be the "will of the people," executed promptly and faithfully.

—There were no colored people at the Reception, except in the dining and cloak-rooms (where they were *every* welcome); and, if there had been, no sensation would have been produced. Let us have peace.

—The moment the new Cabinet was announced the "slates" of ten thousand politicians were smashed. Those in Washington said at once, Let us go home and go to *work*; and they went.

—Brady, the well-known photographer, was present, and took a fine picture of the great assemblage on the portico in front of the Capitol while the Chief-Justice was administering the oath to General Grant.

—Any poor millionaire in the country who pines to be worth ten millions should build a splendid hotel in Washington, that will accommodate, with modern improvements, a thousand people. The result will be a triumphant success.

—Mr. Blaine, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, is an able man, and doubtless will be a most successful presiding officer. His election is regarded as a triumph by all our leading manufacturing and producing interests.

—President Johnson would not withdraw the infamous charge of falsehood against General Grant, and hence the latter refused to ride with him from the White House to the Capitol. General Grant did right, and all the people say amen!

—Along the line of the great procession in Pennsylvania Avenue single windows were sold for the day as high as fifty dollars. Doors, windows, balconies, house-tops, and temporary stagings were everywhere used to accommodate the people.

—Judge Pierrepont, the eminent lawyer of this city, then in Washington, was the first person to call the attention of Mr. A. T. Stewart to the provisions of the statute which would prevent his acceptance of the high office of Secretary of the Treasury.

—Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, was not able to be present to take the oath of office on Inauguration-day. It was done, however, on the following day, and the impressive ceremony was performed while he was sitting in his chair. His health is very poor.

—The Washington hotels, celebrated all over the country for *not* having a superabundance of luxurious furnishing and supplies, were packed on Inauguration Day as never before. Beds, bunks, berths, and standing-places were all filled, and internal wants comfortably supplied.

—Ex-Secretary Stanton, we are extremely sorry to say, is in very poor health, with only slight chances for recovery. He has probably finished his earthly labors. Who, even on the battle-field, can boast of greater service to his country? He richly deserves, living or dying, all that a patriotic country can possibly bestow.

—Mrs. Callicott was not successful in her efforts for the pardon of her husband. More money than she possessed, it is said, was necessary to accomplish this great work. President Johnson could not be prevailed upon to act in the case. Such an exception to a general rule astonishes thousands.

—All the newspapers in Washington garnered a rich harvest during Inauguration week. Immense editions of all the papers were sold. The movements of General Grant in regard to his Cabinet, and other sensation movements and reports every hour, made a continuous demand for newspapers.

—The Congregational church in Washington is yet (not strangely) out of joint. Why cry peace, peace, when there is no peace? Let the pastor promptly resign, and another try to complete the great work so nobly begun. The instrument is of but little consequence compared with the good which all should unitedly seek.

—The high honor of having a sober "Reception" on the evening of the 4th of March belongs to Mayor Bowen, of Washington, who utterly refused to have anything to do with the affair if wine-guzzling was to prevail. He very properly thought drunkenness and rioting should be discountenanced on such an occasion.

—Secretary McCulloch was the only officer of Johnson's cabinet present at the Reception. He and his accomplished daughter were warmly greeted by numerous friends. The ex-Secretary seemed highly gratified at the numerous compliments paid him for the skill and good taste everywhere manifested in the new Treasury building.

—The ruling passion of President Johnson—strong and growing stronger up to the last moment—to pardon thieves and villians of every stripe and hue, was "beautifully illustrated" during his last days in office. Scores had their prison-doors opened, and are now free. They should call a mass-meeting, and vote their "friend"a barrel of whisky—his living element.

—President Johnson, like the old miser who sat near the door of the church so that he might have the *use* of his penny contribution to the latest possible moment, staid in the White House until twelve o'clock noon on Inauguration-day. He probably left resolving to take the descending march back down, down, down to alderman. Music, Rogue's Quickstep.

—THE INDEPENDENT is rapidly increasing in circulation in Washington. In a single department of the Government forty copies were taken, we were told; and in another nearly as many more. On the arrival of the mails, the day after publication, we saw piles of the paper in different departments ready for delivery. Eight years ago our entire circulation in Washington was less than two hundred copies.

—Vice-President Colfax has most favorably impressed the Senate with his high administrative abilities. His talents and special gifts as a presiding officer in the highest position in the country cannot well be overestimated. He *knows* what he is about, and the time has come when such men *only* should have official place; either as Presidents, Vice-Presidents, or village postmasters.

—Horace Greeley was warmly greeted in all quarters while in Washington. At the Reception he was surrounded by a continuous crowd, glad to be honored with a shake of his hand. He endeavored to leave the festivities of that occasion very early, but the troubles in the cloak-room prevented. At last he resolved to go, leaving the "old white coat and slouched hat" behind for another day's siege. Imitating the late example of Senator Pomroy, he "paraded the streets bareheaded."

—The vast throng, near and far distant, who *saw* the never-to-be-forgotten picture of Chief-Justice Chase administering the oath of office to General Grant thundered forth such applause when the great warrior bowed to kiss the Sacred Book as was never heard in America before. Over, and over, and over again, amid the booming of cannon and stirring strains of music, in joy and tears, the people shouted and filled the whole air with acclamations like the sound of many waters.

—On the day before the Inauguration Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, called on Gen. Grant, and sent in by Gen. Badeau a sketch representing the President holding a bag from which cats were escaping. Each cat was to have the head of a Cabinet officer, and Nast wanted to know whose heads to draw to complete the sketches. Gen. Grant soon came out, laughing heartily, and said: "Mr. Nast, your sketch is excellent; but I shall not let the cats out of my bag until Friday, and you must wait till then to get their likenesses."

—While General Grant was reading his Inaugural Address to the tens of thousands in front of the Capitol, his little daughter, a fair-haired girl, dressed in blue, being most uncomfortably crowded near by, pressed through and innocently made her way to the side of her father, where she stood evidently conscious that she was now entirely safe. The scene was touchingly impressive, and almost overwhelming to every beholder. There stood the Great Hero, calmly proclaiming his policy in burning words, going every whither on the wings of lightning to the ends of the earth; and beside him his innocent child, fondly clinging to him for that safety and protection which beautifully illustrated the condition not only of our own people but of all the noble, freedom-loving race of earth. God bless father and child!

—In the morning of the day after the Inauguration, a committee, consisting of Chief-Justice Chase, Senator Frelinghuysen, and George H. Stuart, waited upon the President, and in behalf of the American Bible Society presented him with a copy of the Holy Bible. The Chief-Justice presented a letter from the president of the Bible Society, expressing a wish that the administration of General Grant might be guided by its teaching. The President responded:

"*Gentlemen*:—I sincerely thank you for this token, and shall carefully preserve it, and hand it down to my children in commemoration of this day."

The Bible is one of the finest published by the society, and is handsomely bound in Turkey morocco. Printed in gilt letters upon the inside cover is the inscription: "Presented to General Ulysses S. Grant by the American Bible Society, March 4, 1869."

—Mr. Stewart's qualifications for Secretary of the Treasury are so marked that his ineligibility is a public misfortune. We wish he could have been persuaded to retire at once from his immense mercantile business. He might sell his goods at auction, give up his down-town store for a post-office, and convert into a hotel the new one up-town, and within thirty days take the oath of office with the hearty concurrence of the whole people—except the thieves! The pecuniary sacrifice would, of course, be very great; but it is one that he, at his age, could well afford to make, and which would earn for him a high place in the public esteem. Then, bringing his experience as a man of business, his splendid talent for organization, and his power of controlling subordinates, into the management of the Treasury Department, he could do a work for his country that would make his name immortal—perhaps open his way to the presidency.

H. C. B

WASHINGTON, March 6th, 1869.

Editorial Notes.

A MIGHTY Sunday-school convention, embracing delegates from all over the country, and truly national in its character, will meet in Newark, N. J., April 28th. The citizens propose, if possible, to entertain all who come; but request all who wish accommodation to write (we add, with a postage stamp enclosed) to Samuel W. Clark, of Newark. This will be the most important Sabbath-school convention ever held in the country, and all the leading Sunday-school men will be present.

....The Chicago *Advance* publishes a paragraph in relation to John Stuart Mill's views of capital punishment, dishonestly stating that it appeared as an "*editorial* paragraph" in THE INDEPENDENT of May 14, 1868, when it did not even appear on the editorial page, but in the department of "Foreign Gleanings," where it escaped the attention of the editor. To such trickery as this the *Advance*, while boasting of its evangelical soundness, does not scruple to resort. Attacks upon THE INDEPENDENT from that quarter may well pass for compliments.

....Rev. Crammond Kennedy has taken the editorial charge of a newspaper published in this city, which he calls *The Church Union*. His vigorous and able defense of religious liberty and of Christian unity, for which he has suffered excision from the church of which he was member, commend his efforts to marked respect. It will be greatly against him that his paper inherits the name, and we believe the subscription-list, of an infamous and scurrilous sheet with whose management he was as much disgusted as were all other decent men. This great disadvantage we trust he will survive.

....The Third Presbyterian church in Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. Frederick A. Noble pastor, is doing some radical things which, we fear, will not please everybody in that staid old state. It has adopted the system of a rotary eldership, electing three elders each year for a term of three years. The board of six deacons are put under the same rule. Stranger still, they have elected *six deaconesses*. Verily the world does move! There is no fossilization in that church; but the charge of radicalism will not be very loudly urged so long as it continues to contribute to the home and foreign missions of the church twice as much as any other New School Presbyterian church in the state. According to the "Minutes of the General Assembly," we find that, during the same year, it also expended for Congregational purposes, including church-erection, $15,000 more than any other church of its order in the whole country, with a single exception.

....We have great pleasure in putting on public record the fact that the State of Michigan has at last done something for its renowned university—an institution which has given to the state great credit, which was founded by a donation from the General Government, and which has hitherto cost the state nothing but the interest on $100,000. It will be remembered that two years ago the legislature of Michigan voted to the university an annual tax of the twentieth part of a mill upon the taxable property of the state; but with the proviso that a chair of homœopathy should be established in the medical department. The attempt to comply with that proviso raised an unprecedented medical tornado, which raved over the state for several months, and which blew from the university all chance of securing the allowance on those terms. By the recent act of the legislature the homœopathic proviso is annuled, thirty thousand and six hundred dollars are given for the past two years, and fifteen thousand dollars a year are granted for the time to come.

....We find the following suggestive fiction in a Western journal:

"In an advertisement of a well-known piano-forte this testimonial is given, signed by two bishops, several reverends and religious editors, Theodore Tilton, and Robert Bonner:

"'From present acquaintance with this firm we can endorse them as worthy of the fullest confidence of the *Christian* public. *Their rule is to give one-tenth of their income to the cause of the Lord.*'

"When thou doest thine alms, etc."

We cannot answer for "the two bishops," or for "the several reverends and religious editors," or for "Robert Bonner"; but, so far as we ourselves are concerned, we have no knowledge of the advertisement and testimonial to which the above paragraph refers. If our own name has been so used, the handwriting is a forgery. Nor do we consider that a man who gives only "one-tenth of his income" to "the cause of the Lord" is worthy of the "fullest confidence of the Christian public"; for such a man, worse than Ananias, keeps back exactly nine-tenths of the Lord's just dues.

....Were the curiosities of religious journalism collected, labeled, and put under glass, they would make a droll museum. We find the following in a missionary paper published in Boston, and which is scattered freely every month in the pews of a worthy denomination of Christians. We give it just as we find it, without change of italics or capitals. We only add that it is not a bad specimen of the general spirit of that paper, which is more fiercely exclusive than any other of its denomination published in the Northern States. The *Macedonian* says:

"And if the fact that Jesus spoke kindly to little children, and took them in his arms and blessed them, justifies the common inference that JESUS LOVED LITTLE CHILDREN, how much more does the fact that Jesus always spoke highly of the first Baptist, that He walked more than fifty miles to be baptized by him, that He received with favor the people that he had baptized, that He committed to them the preaching of His Gospel, that He gave them His ordinances with authority to administer them, that He gave them the Holy Spirit and a promise of His perpetual presence, justify the *inference* that JESUS LOVES BAPTISTS."

Of a different sort, but no less cur

ministers are in Maine, 16 in New Hampshire, 97 in Vermont, 115 in Massachusetts, 113 in New York, 19 in Pennsylvania, 47 in Ohio, 16 in Michigan, 18 in Indiana, 43 in Illinois, 19 in Wisconsin, 22 in Iowa.

....Recently Rev. Thos. S. Dunn, pastor of the Methodist church in San Jose, Cal., was notified that any further attention to the Chinese on his part would be visited with mischief to the church. He paid no attention to the threat, but continued to invite them to the church. A few days after his church was set on fire and totally consumed. It cost $30,000 in gold.

....The Presbytery of San Jose, Cal., has taken action positively prohibiting Mr. Hamilton, of Oakland, from preaching the doctrine "that probation does not end with the present life, and that the punishment of the wicked will not be eternal." On appeal, the synod, with a single dissenting vote, sustained this action. The parish, it is said, sustains their eloquent pastor.

....Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Boston, in giving notice of the inauguration prayer-meeting at the Melonaon, 12 o'clock Thursday, said: "Now that the nation is to have the extreme privilege of having the 'curse removed' which has so long afflicted us, it becomes us to pray that the boon granted us by the people may, under the guidance of God, prove to be a Grant from heaven."

....The First Cong. church, Enfield, Conn., at the annual sale, March 1, sold slips several hundred dollars in advance of previous years. Its contributions for benevolent objects during the last year have greatly exceeded those of former years; and it is supporting one of its members in teaching the freedmen at Andersonville. A number of recent hopeful conversions and additions are reported.

....The Methodist Book Concern is a mighty establishment. Its assets amount to real estate $238,650, merchandize $656,722, cash $35,844, notes and accounts $379,703. This leaves a total, after deducting liabilities to the amount of $175,295, of $1,165,625. The earnings last year were $152,883. The book agents are Drs. Carlton and Lanahan at New York, and Drs. Hitchcock and Walden in Cincinnati.

....In order to end the year without a debt, the Baptist Missionary Union must receive $100,000 the present month. We hope they will receive it, as no missionary board deserves a more generous support. Every Baptist reader of this paper ought to send his own generous contribution immediately to Rev. J. V. Ambler, 530 Arch street, Philadelphia, and see that his church takes up a handsome contribution next Sabbath.

....Rev. H. D. Northrop went to London, in 1862, by request of a number of gentlemen interested in efforts to reach the masses of poor in the eastern section of the metropolis. He organized a Congregational church, built an edifice with 1,200 sittings, and gathered a congregation which filled the place to overflowing. The church has prospered, and, having outgrown one edifice, is about to open another, capable of holding 2,500 persons. Mr. Northrop has been invited to revisit his former charge and labor again amongst them, but finds it impossible to leave his important work in 23d street.

....The Bishop of Ripon shows in an address that the Established Church has been gaining strength in Yorkshire. In his own diocese there had been raised £308,000, by voluntary efforts, for church purposes, within the last three years. Forty-one new churches had been erected, endowed, and consecrated, twenty-nine of them being entirely new churches, in the past six years. The church is undoubtedly in a much healthier condition in the northern province than in the province of Canterbury. Its clergy are for the most part Evangelical, and the power of Evangelicalism is shown, as might be expected, in the attachment and zeal of the laity.

....According to Schem's Ecclesiastical Almanac, there are in the United States 10 Methodist bodies, with 13,594 traveling ministers and 2,963,969 members. There are 10 Presbyterian bodies, with 7,053 ministers and 704,778 members. The several Baptist denominations have 13,507 ministers and 1,804,006 members. The Congregationalists have 3,070 ministers and 295,674 members; Episcopalians, 2,726 ministers and 194,092 communicants; Lutherans, 1,792 ministers and 350,088 communicants; German Reformed, 505 ministers and 115,483 members; the United Brethren, 868 traveling preachers and 108,122 members. The Reformed Protestants have 469 preachers; the Moravians, 66; Universalists, 588; Unitarians, 388; Swedenborgians, 64.

....The Church of the Disciples (Unitarian) in Boston, of which Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., is pastor, has just dedicated a new house of worship. The church has existed 38 years under the same pastorate, and during all this time has kept the seats in its place worship free to rich and poor alike, paying the salary of the minister and all the other expenses of its administration by voluntary contributions. The new house is a plain, commodious building, neatly furnished, and adapted to the wants of a large congregation. It cost $70,000, and was entirely paid for before dedication by the voluntary contributions of those interested in keeping open a place of worship where the rich have no privileges on account of their wealth, and where the poor are subjected to no invidious discriminations. At the present time, when the high prices of pews make it quite impossible in many cases for any but the rich to attend public worship, except as paupers, this example of a strong city church ought to stir up many others.

News of the Week.

SEVEN states have already ratified the Constitutional Amendment. Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri all ratified it on the 5th inst.

....Minnesota is not behind the rest of the Union in vicious amusements. That thrifty young state, last week, had her first prize-fight.

....The legislature of Louisiana adjourned last week *sine die*. One of its last acts was the passage of a bill authorizing licenses to gambling-houses.

....Major Purman, a state senator, and Doctor Finlayson, clerk of the court, were assassinated in the streets of Marianna, Jackson County, Florida, on the 26th ult.

....Armed bands of robbers, belonging neither to the government side nor to the revolutionists, are reported to be creating great depredations in the Eastern Department of Cuba.

....The Rhode Island Republican State Convention met on Saturday, and nominated Seth Padelford, of Providence, for governor, by acclamation, in place of Governor Burnside, who declined a re-election.

....Advices from Japan, *via* London, state that the ports of Yeddo and Negata are to be open to foreigners, and that Yeddo is to be the official residence of the Mikado and the permanent capitol of the empire.

....The new government of West Virginia was installed in office on the 5th inst. The new governor, W. E. Stevenson, is surrounded by an entirely new set of officials, not one of the old officers remaining in place.

....A very important arrest was made in Memphis, Tenn., on the 2d inst., the person arrested being no less than the chief of the Ku-Klux Klan. He is a citizen of Marion, Crittenden County, Arkansas, and his name is Earl.

....The Georgia Republican Convention at Atlanta, on Saturday, unanimously demanded the restoration of colored citizens to the legislature, and asked Congress to order the reassembling of the constitutional convention.

....The governor of Indiana has ordered an election of members of the legislature to be held on the 23d, to fill the places of the Democratic members who resigned to prevent the ratification of the fifteenth article to the Constitution.

....The latest act of the Spanish Cortes was to appoint a commission to draft a new constitution. The dominant sentiment of the Cortes renders it certain that the new constitution must be favorable to popular liberty to insure its adoption.

....President Grant lost no time in countermanding the pardon of the two Dupuys which had been issued by President Johnson on the last day of his term. The pardon being in the hands of Marshal Murray, of this district, he was ordered to send them back to Washington.

....All of President Johnson's Cabinet have quietly returned to their homes; but he lingers in Washington, "seeming loth to depart," and has been the guest of Mr. Coyle, of the *National Intelligencer*. On Thursday, the 11th, he is to be honored by a public reception in Baltimore.

....President Grant's first dismissal from office was that of the notorious Binckley, who had been drawing pay at the rate of $4,000 a year as solicitor to the Internal Revenue Department, in spite of the protests of Commissioner Rollins, who complained of his total incapacity for the place.

....The sessions of the Parliament of North Germany opened on Thursday last, at the same time when the inauguration of President Grant took place in Washington. King William opened the session by a speech in which he imitated General Grant to the extent of saying "Let us have peace."

....The first military orders issued by President Grant assign Lieutenant-General Sheridan to the command of Louisiana, General Terry to the Department of the South, General Canby to Virginia, General Reynolds to Texas, and General Hancock to the Plains. General Sickles has had no department assigned him.

....Telegrams from Cuba to the 8th inst. announce the heaviest fight that has ever taken place between the revolutionists and the regular forces took place on the advance of Gen. Lesca from La Guanaja to Puerto Principe. Gen Lesca claims a victory over the revolutionists, who were four thousand strong, while his own force amounted to only 1,500.

....The Pacific Railroad is in a very bad condition. Telegraphic advices from San Francisco state that the overland mails are detained by snow where the road crosses the Rocky and Wasatch Mountain ranges. The snow impediments extend two hundred miles east of Salt Lake. An occurrence like this will make passengers wary of traveling on the Pacific road in winter.

....Berlin appears to be on terms of very close intimacy with Washington. The first message received by President Grant after his inaugural was a telegraph from the Berlin Exchange, offering the congratulations of the merchants of the Prussian capital on his accession to office. In the evening our minister, Mr. Bancroft, gave a dinner in honor of the occasion, Count Bismarck being among the guests, and making a speech complimentary to our new President.

Publisher's Department.

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

WE are now prepared, with a fresh supply, to fill orders for this celebrated engraving as fast as received. We have already delivered this great premium to nearly *one thousand* subscribers, and the demand continues unabated. Every mail brings more orders. Specimens are on exhibition at our office, and it is a wonder to all who see them "how such a splendid premium can be *given away* for four subscribers." It is a picture which, in any position, will *always* attract attention; for it contains the faces of many of the ablest and best known Americans. When hung upon the wall, no person can fail to notice and admire it. We are sending them, upon the terms proposed, into every part of the United States and into Canada, also to Europe. We ask our friends in every neighborhood *promptly* to avail themselves of our liberal offer. We positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* in every case, or the money will be refunded and the subscriptions canceled. We believe this engraving to be the most beautiful and most valuable present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers.

POPULAR PREMIUM.

THE orders are pouring in to us from all quarters for the Grant and Colfax Engravings. We expect to scatter them by tens of thousands. As we say elsewhere, we positively guarantee entire satisfaction in every case. Send your orders. First come first served!

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

WANTED!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

FOR

The Independent.

The most valuable inducement ever presented in America for SINGLE

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

A new and popular gift, which everybody will want as a reward for

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

EVERY LOYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

will want this Premium for

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Grant and Colfax.
Grant and Colfax.
Grant and Colfax.

NEW PREMIUM,

SPLENDID OFFER,

ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE.

We have contracted with RITCHIE, the celebrated Engraver, for a NEW, ORIGINAL, FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of

President GRANT AND Vice-President COLFAX,

to be executed and ready for delivery ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF MARCH.

The engraving of Colfax is already finished, and is pronounced by all who have seen it to be the most

Perfect Likeness

of him ever published.

The engraving of Grant is in hand, and Mr. Ritchie intends to produce a

MASTERPIECE OF ART,

which shall truly and faithfully represent our honorable and greatly-honored

PRESIDENT

as a citizen, in citizen's dress, as he appears at his

INAUGURATION.

The size of each of the steel plates is *fourteen* by *eighteen* inches, and the pasteboard or picture ready for framing *nineteen* by *twenty-four* inches.

These engravings we will warrant to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION

to everybody ordering them, or the money will *positively* be refunded.

They are intended to take the place and entirely supersede the *trashy* pictures now flooding the country. They will be wanted in

EVERY FAMILY,
EVERY PARLOR,
EVERY LIBRARY,
EVERY OFFICE,
EVERY STORE

In the Country.

Both of these splendid premiums offered to all

OLD SUBSCRIBERS,
OLD SUBSCRIBERS,
OLD SUBSCRIBERS,

FOR ONE NEW NAME,

FOR ONE NEW NAME.

We ask every subscriber on our books to send us one new name, with the money ($2 50), when we will forward by mail,

BOTH ENGRAVINGS,
BOTH ENGRAVINGS,

postage paid to any post-office where overland rates are *not* charged, or deliver at our office,

GRANT AND COLFAX,
GRANT AND COLFAX,

For One New Subscriber, For One New Subscriber.

We believe this the most splendid and valuable present ever made for

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS,

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

These Engravings are intended especially as a present to our *Old Subscribers*. To all such, and such only, we will present both of these Engravings for every new name sent us. Those whose names are not on our books will be presented with both of these Engravings for Two New Subscribers and Five Dollars, or One Subscription for two years and Five Dollars. These engravings cannot be had of any other party. The plates are owned by us, and the engravings will be held by us exclusively. Those who do not wish to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, and desire to purchase either of these engravings, can have them at

Two Dollars Each,

or Three Dollars for both—the cash to accompany the order.

We shall register the orders as received, and deliver the engravings in accordance therewith—commencing early in March.

A limited number of Artist's Proofs, signed by Ritchie, will be reserved. Price $5 each, or $8 for both; or they will both be given away as a premium for four new subscribers, or either one of them for two new subscribers.

Send Your Orders.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,

Publisher and Proprietor,

"THE INDEPENDENT,"

Box 2787, New York.

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to TERMS on First Page.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber that for periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our liberal contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING, BANCROFT,
BRYANT, PARKE GODWIN,
COOPER, MOTLEY,
LONGFELLOW, BAYARD TAYLOR,
MISS SEDGWICK, CURTIS,
MRS. SIGOURNEY, EMERSON,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH, E. H. DANA,
MITCHELL, MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI),
WILLIS, CHILDS,
LOWELL, MRS. KIRKWOOD,
MRS. HOWARD, MRS. RICHARD ELAND,
ALICE CAREY, WHITTIER,
PRENTICE, LOWELL,
W. CULLEN BRYANT, BURGESS,
MORRIS, BAYARD TAYLOR,
P. P. CLEVELAND,
TUCKERMAN, STODDARD,
HAWTHORNE, MRS. ABIGAIL W. BELDY,
SIMMS, GAIL HAMER,
J. PENDLETON COOKE, E. ZOZZONI,
HOFFMAN, HALLECK,
PRESCOTT.

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON

Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page, which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine*.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*. On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best*; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,

PUBLISHER,

No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

MARRIED.

MORTIER—PALMER.—At the residence of the bride's father, Feb. 24, by Rev. F. L. Chapell, Rev. Cleophas Mortier, pastor of Baptist church, Milwaukie, Wis., to Miss Emma, eldest daughter of F. J. Tytus, Esq., of Middletown, Ohio.

DIED.

PALMER.—In Stonington, Feb. 18th, Dea. Noyes Palmer, aged 79 years. For 51 years he was a member of the First Congregational church in Stonington, and for 33 years a deacon in the same. During all these years he has adorned the doctrine of God in his Saviour, by a well-ordered life and conversation. Pone says, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Such a man was Deacon Palmer. Dr. Young says, "A Christian is the highest style of man." By universal consent Deacon Palmer was a Christian—a Christian in spirit, in principle, in action. Christians loved him as a brother; the world honored him for his uprightness. He was a man of unconscious yet conscious power. Distrusting himself, underrating his own merits, he made others feel the power and the worth of goodness. He was unencumbered the *good man* in the social circles, no less than in religious worship. Honored in the family, beloved in the church, and of good repute in the world, his removal is a public as well as private loss. His long-continued, untiring, and unselfish devotion to the church with which he was connected gives special prominence to his memory. His unfailing presence at its meetings for business, or worship, his zeal for its purity, enlargement, and strength, his generous support, his prompt rebuke of error or folly in all degrees and earnest efforts for reformation, his sympathizing and pious visits to the sick, his thoughtfulness of the poor, and his readiness to join in all Christian enterprises, show the depth of his Christian principle, the sincerity of his profession, the breadth of his character, and the excellence of his graces as a follower of Christ in his church. Few men could say with as true a heart, If I forget thee, oh! Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." With so good a record among men, we may well consider him as one of those included in the Divine benediction: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

DEANE.—At his residence in Berkshire, Tioga Co., N. Y., on the 20th day of December, 1868, John W. Deane, Esq., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. His death, as in the case of his surviving relatives and friends of the deceased that a few weeks should be added to the mere announcement of his death. Mr. Deane was no ordinary man. With a mind of simple brilliancy and power, he combined a temper of unusual sweetness, the keenest wit, and a humor, that rendered him a most genial and instructive companion. He was a man of irreproachable honesty; and, more than all, a sincere and devoted follower of Christ, whose teachings and example formed the cardinal rule of his life. He was a faithful and affectionate husband and father, a kind and considerate neighbor, a true friend, and a good citizen. He was blessed in every relation and enjoyed of his long life. He died in the maturity of a giant intellect, in the full vigor of body and mind, and in the patient hope of a blessed immortality.

Also, at the same place, on the 23d day of May, 1868, Lucy Bolster, the wife of John W. Deane, Esq., in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was an exemplary wife and mother, who performed all the duties of her station with unfeigned fidelity, teaching her children by precept and a shining example, and a perfectly balanced daily life, the importance of an early and constant trust in God, and of a consistent walk and conversation. She was, indeed, a helpmeet to her husband, and has patiently assisted in the training of a numerous family, all of whom will "rise up and call her blessed."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to this end, and expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co., Sole Agents in New York, 101 CHAMBERS ST.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

Office of FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Gov't Securities,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on balances. We make collections on all points in the United States and Canada, and issue Certificates of Deposit available in all parts of the Union.

We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes of Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Coupons.

We buy and sell at the Stock Exchange miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds, on commission, for cash.

We offer also the United States Six-per-cent. Thirty-Year Currency Bonds, issued in aid of the Pacific Railroad, which are widely esteemed by moneyed corporations, as the longest Six-per-cent. Government Bond in the market.

Communications and inquiries by Mail or Telegraph will receive attention.

FISK & HATCH.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

BUY ONLY

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

For Children. Will outwear three pairs without tips.

BALL, BLACK & CO.

565 & 567 BROADWAY,

CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR ELEGANT AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

NICKLE SILVER AND FINE WHITE METAL ELECTRO PLATED

TABLE WARE

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THEM BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMP'Y.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S Office, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau Street. Organized under special charter from the State of New York.

CAPITAL - - - $5,000,000.

50,000 Shares, $100 Each.

DIRECTORS:

HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Phila.;
PAUL S. FORBES, of Russell & Co., China;
FRED. BUTTERFIELD, of F. Butterfield & Co., New York;
ISAAC LIVERMORE, Treas. Mich. Cen. R. R., Boston;
ALEXANDER HOLLAND, Treas. Am. Ex. Co., New York;
HON. JAMES NOXON, Syracuse, N. Y.;
O. H. PALMER, Treas. West. U. Tel. Co., New York;
FLETCHER WESTRAY, of Westray, Gibbs & Hardcastle, N. Y.;
NICHOLAS MICKLES, New York.

OFFICERS:

A. G. CURTIN, President;
N. MICKLES, Vice-President;
GEORGE CONANT, Secretary;
GEORGE ELLIS, (Cashier Nat. Bank Commonwealth), Treasurer;
Hon. A. K. MCCLURE, Philadelphia, Solicitor.

The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of 900 miles at once, between the following ports, viz.:

	Population.
Canton,	1,000,000
Macoa,	60,000
Hong-Kong,	250,000
Swatow,	200,000
Amoy,	250,000
Foo-Chow,	1,250,000
Wen-Chu,	300,000
Ningpo,	400,000
Hang-Chean,	1,200,000
Shanghai,	1,000,000
Total,	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade; besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this Company proposes erecting land-lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the government, of business, and of social life, especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes, by the local magistrates, make her population *Four Hundred and Fourteen Millions;* and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these who are over ten years old not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day, great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose, connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay its cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance, commercially, politically, and evangelically.

Shares of this Company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly installments of $2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

Messrs. BOOKSTAVER, THAYER & SLOSSON, No. 10 Wall st., New York.

THE NATIONAL BANK COMMONWEALTH, New York.

DREXEL WINTHROP & Co., Bankers, 18 Wall street, New York.

Messrs. DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia.

Messrs. J. L. BROWNELL & Co., New York.

Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co., Washington D. C.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Washington, D. C.

Messrs. C. D. HEAD and T. H. PERKINS Boston.

Messrs. LEE, HIGGINSON & Co., Boston.

The MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.

The SYRACUSE CITY BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.

Messrs. CHAS. F. CHASE & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Messrs. DONAHOE, KELLY & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

G. F. DAVIS, President of City National Bank, Hartford, Conn.

W. R. HIGBY, Esq., Pequonnock National Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.

H. H. ORMSBEE, Manufacturers' Ins. Company, Providence, R. I.

W. H. MORSE, American Express Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

And at the office of the Company, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau st., New York

NATIONAL Life Insurance Co.

OF THE

United States of America,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000.

Branch Office:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, PHILADA.,

To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

OFFICERS:

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chair'n of Finance and Executive Com.

This Company, National in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium, and New Tables, the most desirable means of Insuring Life yet presented to the public.

JAY COOKE & CO., 316 Broadway, New York, General Agents for New York State and Northern N.J.
E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia,
General Agents for Pennsylvania and Southern N. J.

TEN PER CENT. COUPON BONDS OF the City of Lansing, the Capital of Michigan. For sale by A. WILKINS, Dwight, Mich.

J. RUSSELL & CO.,

GREEN RIVER WORKS.

We now offer to the Trade a new line of goods, bearing the above Trade-mark. These are made of the best materials, tempered and finished with all possible care, and are in every respect superior to imported Cutlery.

All of our

CARVING AND SLICING KNIVES

so stamped are warranted perfect in temper and durability of edge.

CAUTION—Since the success of our new Patent all Steel Silver-plated Knife was established, a number of imitations have appeared in the market, all of which are infringements upon our Patent-rights and cannot be relied upon. Be sure that your goods bear the Trade-mark of "J. Russell & Co."

Sets of 27, 49, and 73 pieces, in Rosewood and Silver Cases, for Wedding and Holiday Presents, for sale by all dealers.

OFFICE, 83 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

1,026 MILES OF THE Union Pacific RAILROAD

ARE NOW COMPLETED.

As 534 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but

200 MILES REMAIN

to be Finished to Open the Grand Through Line to the Pacific. This Opening will certainly take place early this season.

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Company is entitled to a subsidy in United States Bonds, on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $26,500 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, for which the Government takes a second lien as security. Whether subsidies are given to any other companies or not, the Government will comply with all its contracts with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Nearly the whole amount of bonds to which the Company will be entitled have already been delivered.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS AT PAR.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more*. These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the entire road and all its equipments.

THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN, AT SIX PER CENT., and, by special contract, both

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE

Payable in Gold.

☞ The U. S. Supreme Court has recently decided that this contract is in all respects valid and of legal obligation.

Such securities are generally valuable in proportion to the length of time they have to run. The longest six per cent. gold interest bonds are those of the U. S. (the 'Sixties), which will be due in 12 years, and they are worth 112. If they had 30 years to run, they would stand at not less than 135. A perfectly safe First Mortgage Bond like the Union Pacific should approach this rate. The demand for European investment is already considerable, and on the completion of the work will doubtless carry the price to a large premium.

SECURITY OF THE BONDS.

It needs no argument to show that for a First Mortgage of $25,500 per mile upon what for a long time must be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific states is PERFECTLY SECURE. The entire amount of the mortgage will be about $33,000,000, and the interest at $1,980,00 per annum in gold. The present current cost of this interest is less than $2,800,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM WAY BUSINESS only, on AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN FIFTY MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,

the details of which are as follows:

From Passengers	$1,694,659 97
" Freight	2,999,783 79
" Express	51,417 04
" Mails	126,213 76
" Miscellaneous	81,622 27
" Government Transportation	1,000 00
" freight	440,443 59
" Contractors' rents	251,779 69
" material	96,540 32
Total	$5,099,951 61

This large amount is only

Book Table.

—Christianity is its own best evidence. "By their fruits ye shall know them": the test of religious teachers which Christ propounded is that which common-sense applies to the religion he inculcated. If the fruits are divine, the stock is not human. If the virtues which Christianity promotes, and the lives and characters which it has produced in the world, are simply the exhibitions of human nature under favorable circumstances, then we may believe that Christianity is the religion of Nature. But, if these are supernatural, then that which has produced them is so. The day of miracles is not past. The wonders which Christ is performing in the nineteenth century overshadow those which he wrought in the first. This test it is easy for any one to apply. Only a comparatively small number of scholars, possessed of critical minds, are able to investigate the external evidences, and by them to judge of the authenticity of the various books of the Bible. But the poorest peasant may pluck from the tree of life its fruits. In the *Evidences of Christianity* (Gould & Lincoln), Dr. Ebenezer Dodge seems to have carried out very well his purpose, presenting as the chief evidence of Christianity its nature, its influence, its relations to divine providence and human progress, and its historical triumphs. We do not think that he has added very much to the elucidation of the problem of the supernatural, which to-day taxes, more than any other, the mental energies of the nineteenth century. Nor does he by any brilliancy of style clothe old ideas with new attractiveness. But his language is simple and his thoughts easily comprehended. He affords in a few pages a compend of the customary arguments in favor of the divine origin of Christianity; and his treatise, which contains the substance of lectures given for fifteen years past in Madison University, will be acceptable as a text-book in schools and colleges, and useful as an introduction to beginners.

—*Her Majesty's Tower*, by W. Hepworth Dixon (Lippincott), is a collection of studies (we do not know how to describe the work better) of the Tower of London, its history, and its greatest captives. It is written in the author's most brilliant and picturesque style; and, whatever faults may be found with Mr. Dixon's writings, no one can deny that picturesqueness and brilliancy are among their usual characteristics. The Tower of London is one of the subjects Mr. Dixon has studied most closely and for many years; and in this book he pours out the fruits of his inquiry and research. The chapters on Walter Raleigh are of especial interest; and the moral Mr. Dixon draws from Raleigh's fall is something that peculiarly appeals to American feeling. "The day of Raleigh's death was the day of a new English birth. Eliot was not the only youth of ardent soul who stood by the scaffold in Palace Yard to note the matchless spirit in which the martyr met his fate, and walk away from that solemnity a new man. Thousands of men in every part of England, who had led a careless life, became from that very hour the sleepless enemies of Spain. The purposes of Raleigh were accomplished in the very way which his genius had contrived. Spain held the dominion of the sea, and England took it from her. Spain excluded England from the New World, and the genius of that New World is English. The large contest in the new political system of the world, then young, but clearly enough defined, had come to turn upon this question: Shall America be mainly Spanish and theocratic, or English and free? Raleigh said it should be English and free. He gave his blood, his fortune, and his genius to the great thought in his heart; and, in spite of that scene in Palace Yard, which struck men as the victory of Spain, America is at this moment English and free."

—The reverence which the human heart has paid to the cross of Christ is one of the contradictions of human nature. One might have imagined that the instrument of his cruel torture and lingering death would have been regarded by his disciples with horror or with scorn. Instead, it has been made the object of their almost idolatrous affection. It has stood in the place and as the representative of Christ himself. From thousands of censers the grateful incense has arisen before it. Thousands of church-towers and domes it crowns, and in jeweled forms it flashes back the light from myriads of fair forms whose hearts beat with impassioned love for him who hung upon it. Dr. John Emmanuel Veith, preacher of St. Stephen's Cathedral of Vienna, availing himself of that reverence for the instruments of Christ's suffering, which is far more universal in Catholic than in Protestant countries, delivered a series of sermons on *The Instruments of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, which is now given to the American public by Rev. Theodore Noethen. The conception is original, the execution unique, the style eloquent. To the Protestant mind, sermons on the lantern that lighted the guard, the cords that bound Christ, the dice that were thrown at his cross, and the vinegar that was offered him to drink, will seem rather fanciful; but they will be none the less interesting on that account. And we are certain, if the Protestant divines would study these and kindred sermons, and introduce into their own more labored productions something of the same amplitude of historical illustration, both they and their people would profit by the change.

—The Andover press of Warren F. Draper has been pre-eminent for the large number of scholarly works which it has issued on biblical criticism—works which have been a credit to American scholars, and especially to Andover Seminary. We are glad to see the succession of such publications kept up by Professor J. Henry Thayer's new edition of Winer's *Grammar of the Idiom of the New Testament*. This work has secured such authority that no word of commendation from us can help it. We only need to chronicle the fact that it is now made accessible for the fourth time to English readers. Prof. Masson's translation is the basis of this edition; but it has been greatly improved, and the latest emendations of Winer, made even down to the time of his death, have been incorporated. Prof. Thayer, though still a young man, has already earned an enviable reputation for scholarship among those who know him; and this translation will secure him an unpretentious but creditable introduction to a wider circle of scholars. We feel confident that the science of biblical exegesis, for which Andover has done so much, will yet receive many valuable contributions from the same Hill. If the matter in this volume, which is printed in small type, had been printed solid, it would have presented a handsomer page and secured a more convenient bulk.

—*Mexico and the United States*, by Gorham D. Abbott, LL.D., (Putnam), is the work of an earnest believer in the future of Mexico, and a warm admirer of Benito Juarez. The book has a great deal of important and valuable information in it; but the arrangement is neither luminous nor symmetrical. It must be regarded as a collection of *memoires pour servir*, rather than as a history or even a chapter of history. There is plenty of good material in it; and even where one is utterly unable to share the personal or political enthusiasm of the author the reader will find the book worth some study. One of its most important objects is to exhibit the common relations and interests of the two republics, the United States and Mexico, in order thus to indicate the line of our future policy. Mr. Abbott is strongly opposed to any interference on the part of America for the purpose of obtaining any hold over Mexican territory. His faith is—and it is one which does him honor—that the friendly co-operation of the United States and Mexico (when the latter has emerged, as he believes she will, triumphant and free out of her present crisis) will be the surest and fullest means of developing the resources of this continent and securing the prosperity of its peoples.

—*The History of Pittsfield* (Lee & Shepard, Boston) may seem an unimportant and trivial record to those who only worship the Muse of History in her grand and epical flights. But local history forms the most valuable contribution to and check upon national history; and, if old Europe had had the wit of bringing out the former, the gain to all posterity would be simply beyond valuation. Pittsfield, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, really had a history, and one which in the War of Independence blends effectively and instructively with the history of the birth, and struggle, and progress of the American Republic. This volume was compiled and written, under the general direction of a committee, by Mr. J. E. A. Smith; and the work seems to us to have been carefully and well done. We may remark that the volume contains a letter of Benedict Arnold, hitherto unpublished, but undoubtedly genuine, in relation to the plan for the taking of Ticonderoga. This letter was discovered by the late Hon. E. R. Colt, of Pittsfield, and is now in the Hon. Thomas Colt's collection of historical documents. A *fac-simile*, admirably executed by the American Photolitaographic Company of New York, is given in this volume.

—*John Corey; or, What is a Christian?* (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York) is from the prolific pen of A. L. O. E. Two or three stories make up the little volume, which seems well suited to its place in a Sabbath-school library. From the same publishers we have *Tales from Alsace, Drawn from Old Chronicles*, translated from the German. This is a delightful book, breathing a cheerful Christian spirit, a work that can be enjoyed and appreciated by young and old alike. It has been translated into French by E. Rosseeuw Saint Hilaire, and his charming preface is prefixed to this volume. No one should read the book without at least glancing over this introduction, and whoever reads the preface will surely dip into the book. The story of "The Fur Coat" is admirably told, and full to the brim of human nature, particularly woman nature, as shown in the wife, Christina, who quarrels with her husband over the loss of the coat, and talks of it, and alludes to it, and cries about it, and will not be mollified, nor reconciled, nor reasonable. Who has not some such woman amongst his acquaintances? And this is but one tale out of a dozen.

—There are many who are mining in the vein which Dean Stanley has opened by his "Jewish Church." If the information which is contained in the works of such writers as Ritter and Robinson, and such dictionaries as those of Kitto, Smith, and McClintock and Strong, is not generally diffused among the masses, it will not be for the want of writers who undertake to do this work. *Fresh Leaves in the Old Testament Part of the Book, and its Story*, (New York, John Wiley & Son), are not very fresh. They consist of a series of tracts, published monthly, in England, for the purpose of illustrating and expounding Old Testament history. They cover its story from the days of the flood to those of the captivity. From the opening sentence of the book we judge they were intended to aid Bible-women in their work. For this purpose they seem to be admirably adapted. In their original form, as tracts, we should think they would prove exceedingly useful to those who are laboring in mission-fields; and any student of the Old Testament will find useful information in their pages. The book is profusely but not elegantly illustrated.

—J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, publish, in a neat, serviceable form, *Lessons from Daily Life*, by Emily E. Hildreth, a series of essays, good in the sense of being religious, but of no striking merit otherwise; and *The Sure Resting Place*, being selected sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ, arranged by the compiler of "The Divine Teacher," in two divisions—the first teaching "what man is to believe concerning God," and the second "what duty God requires of man." It is an excellent design, and the book is in a convenient form for reference. The same publishers also issue *The Gospel in Enoch*, by Henry H. Tucker. On looking through this small volume, we are led to exclaim, with a pious brother who had just been edified by a learned sermon upon the antediluvian saint, "It is astonishing how little there is to be learned about Enoch!" and we can add heartily, It is astonishing how much there is to be learned from him. The lessons which are here drawn from the brief records of his life are ably deduced, and are well worthy to be put into practice by his descendants.

—*Men and Things at Washington*, (Claxton & Remsen, Philadelphia), is a vloume of random recollections, jotted down without any sort of arrangement by Mr. L. A. Gobright, a gentleman who as a journalist has had a third of a century's acquaintance with the Capital. Such a book could hardly fail to have many interesting passages; and Mr. Gobright undoubtedly tells some anecdotes which are worth repeating, and gives some fresh and valuable illustrations of the character and peculiarities of many public men. But the book is not nearly so interesting as one would suppose its author could have made it. Much of it is a mere rehash or summary of newspaper reports. The most amusing and not the least instructive passages of the book are those which describe the extraordinary encounters of personal abuse, and often even of fisticuffs, bludgeons, and knives, which used to be common to both houses. Some of these scenes are well described and are worth remembering. Mr. Gobright's style is, however, generally very loose, careless, and slipslop.

—*The Closing Scenes of the Life of Christ*, by D. D. Buck, D.D., (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is a simple harmony in the words of Scripture of the four Gospel accounts of the last year of Christ's life. We do not agree with Dean Alford that all attempts to construct such a harmony are in vain; yet no one can familiarize himself with the labors of the so-called harmonists without being convinced that they are often compelled to substitute the merest conjecture for satisfactory evidence, and sometimes to wrest one part of Scripture to harmonize it with another. It is a singular fact that no one of the Gospels gives us a single date, and no one of the four Evangelists seems to have followed a chronological order. The consequence is that many incidents in the life of Christ must be placed by the harmonizer according to their moral relations. A cursory examination of Dr. Buck's work induces us to regard it among the best of the harmonies, and to wish that he would do the same work for the preceding portions of the Gospel histories.

—*Light and Truth; or, Bible Thoughts and Themes*, by Horatius Bonar, D. D., is a collection of more than eighty very short sermons, drawn from the Gospels. Some of them are scarcely more than skeletons of sermons, and are similar to the short discourses which have been published monthly by the author in his magazine, if not identical with them. Those with whom Dr. Bonar is a favorite writer of religious poetry cannot fail to enjoy his prose, as its characteristics are the same (lacking the rhyme), even to that trick of repeating a well-put phrase or striking mode of expression, which grows very wearisome in a long hymn. The book wears a tasteful and becoming dress, as does also a tiny volume, *Hades and Heaven*, by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M. A., author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," which gives a scriptural view, in so far as it is revealed, of the estate and employments of the "Blessed Dead" before the resurrection, and of the "Risen Saints" in glory. Both of these books are published by Carter & Bros.

—Messrs. Wiley & Son, New York, publish two valuable tracts on health. The first, "Man's Own Breath His Greatest Enemy," is a course of lectures on ventilation, delivered at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, by Lewis W. Leeds. We have seldom read a more vigorous and able argument for fresh air by night and by day—a positive philippic against air-tight rooms and stifling cars, and the supposed protection of health against the fresh atmosphere of the outer world. The other tract is called "Shut Your Mouth," which abrupt and startling precept comes out to be Mr. George Catlin's mode of inviting attention to the great importance of breathing through the nostrils and keeping the mouth closed as much as possible, especially when sleeping. Mr. Catlin's views are full of good sense, and they are vigorously argued, and we are glad to meet with them in this well-illustrated edition.

—Rev. John L. Nevius has crowded into his work on *China and the Chinese* (Harper & Brothers) an immense amount of valuable information concerning that unknown land and people. The result of ten years' personal observation is condensed in 450 pages. Men who have been taught to believe that missionaries are narrow-minded bigots, who can appreciate no civilization but their own, will be surprised at the author's liberal appreciation of the good points in Chinese life and character. The interest of the work is greatly enhanced by numerous illustrative wood-cuts; but impaired by a style rather tame and heavy, after the manner of a guide-book or an ordinary school-compendium.

—The Swedenborgian Church has made a valuable contribution to modern theology—less by the doctrines it has inculcated than by the influence it has exerted. It has leavened the church universal with a more living faith in the world of spirits, and has aided to restore the doctrine of regeneration to its proper prominence. So, on the whole, we are thankful for Swedenborgian literature, though we despair of comprehending it; and welcome such a series of sermons as William B. Hayden's *Light on the Last Things*, though to our minds it throws very little light on the subject.

—*The Indian Pass*, by Alfred R. Street, (Hurd & Houghton), is a description of the famous Adirondack Pass, and an account of an exploring expedition through its bosom by one who is an enraptured worshiper of the beauty of the region. Mr. Street breaks every now and then into a perfect lyricism of delight over the loveliness and the grandeur of the Adirondacks. Some of us perhaps would enjoy more the outpourings of a simpler and less rhapsodical enthusiasm; but those who like eloquence in such matters have it here in full blast.

—*The Sacraments of the Church*, by Rev. S. W. Crittenden (Presb. Pub. Committee), consists of four sermons by the pastor of the Walnut-street Presbyterian church on Baptism and the Lord's Supper. To all Pædo-Baptists his arguments will appear to be satisfactory and conclusive; to all Immersionists, illogical and unscriptural. The author's pains to conform to the standard of his own church detracts somewhat from that appearance of impartiality which alone gives to such discussions weight with those of opposite faith.

—*Planchette, or the Despair of Science* (Roberts Brothers, Boston) is a volume which, starting with an account of Planchette merely, soon develops into a long, elaborate, exhaustive essay in vindication of Spiritualism. The facts and arguments seem to us well put together, making, of course, some allowance for mistakes and misconceptions almost inevitable in the attempt to compress so much into a comparatively narrow space. The value of the arguments we must leave our readers to estimate for themselves.

—Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. publish a neat and small edition of Mrs. Shelley's once famous novel—a sensation romance it would be called now—*Frankenstein*. It is worth reading as a curiosity by people who have good nerves. Let us add that those among our readers who are familiar with the enchanting scenery of Lake Leman, and Chamounix, and the Savoy Alps will find many of the quiet, descriptive chapters of this extraordinary book full of faithful and charming pictures.

—*Glimpses of Christ in Holy Scripture*, by Thomas Lowrie, D.D., (Gould & Lincoln), is a book of pleasant sermons without texts, the chief value of which is that Christ is the central figure in them all. The author disarms criticism by disowning in his preface any "special claim to originality." We do not doubt that they proved profitable to those to whom they were first addressed, and that they will be equally so to the larger audience to which they are now introduced.

—*Studies in Shakespeare*, by Mary Preston, (Claxton, Philadelphia), is a collection of commonplace reflections on some of Shakespeare's plays. There are only two passages in them, so far as we have observed, which call for any notice—and these deserve remark for their foolishness: one in which the authoress blames Shakespeare for having made *Othello* black, and the other in which she likens *Richard the Third* to Gen. Butler.

—A. B. Child, M.D., affords us, in a treatise of 150 pages, what he calls "*Better Views of Living*," (Adams & Co., Boston). What they were before they were made "better" we are puzzled to imagine. The man who can soberly declare that "religion is simply desire," that "every religion is divine" and "every faith is true," that "all things are worshiped," and that "all worship is the worship of God," simply attests his own lack of moral sense.

—*Agnes Farriday*, (Brady, New York), by "Anicetus," is a story which professes to have a moral purpose. We will assume, what at first we were a little inclined to doubt, that the author really meant the book well; and shall, therefore, only say that it is here and there rather coarse, generally vulgar, and almost always silly.

—The *Minutes* of the New School Presbyterian Assembly were printed long ago, but have just reached us. The statistics are very complete and satisfactory. There are 111 presbyteries, 1,590 churches, 1,800 ministers, and 168,933 communicants, of whom 10,891 were added last year on profession.

—*The Wreath of Gems* (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston) is a collection of popular songs, ballads, and duets, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte. Certainly, the range is wide and varied; it sweeps from Tennyson to "Champagne Charlie," from tender and plaintive German minstrelsy to "Captain Jinks" and "The Flying Trapeze."

—*John Bright*, a biography, by John McGilchrist, a London literateur, who has a good knack at memoir-writing, is fairly done and well worth reading. It forms one of the series of Cassell's Representative Biographies, and is published here by Felt & Dillingham.

—Messrs. Harper are publishing Anthony Trollope's novel, *He Knew He was Right*, in parts, with illustrations by Marcus Stone. This is likely, we should think, to prove a very popular mode of presentation in the case of such novels as Trollope's.

—*The Overland Monthly* (Roman, San Francisco) is full of animated and interesting sketches of scenes, and cities, and travel along the Pacific shores; and it has good literary essays and vivacious stories, too. We like *The Overland Monthly* well.

—*The Thorough Bass School* (Root & Cady, Chicago) is a course of rudimental harmony, especially adapted to the wants of those who desire to learn how to play or to write church music, choruses, and accompaniments, by W. Ludden.

—In a late number we inadvertently spoke of the *Christian Quarterly* as the organ of the *Christians*. It is conducted by the "Disciples of Christ," a body of Christians too often named after Alexander Campbell.

—*The Van Toodleburgs* is the name of a somewhat amusing story by F. Colburn Adams (Claxton & Remsen, Philadelphia). Some of the characters are well sketched, although none of them can pretend to originality.

—We have received from Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, a *Summary of American History*, for the use of schools, which seems to us a well-prepared and serviceable little catechism.

—*Mabel Clifton*, a novel, by Frank Brierwood, (Claxton, Philadelphia), is sad stuff for the most part—stilted in language, extravagant in incidents, forcibly feeble in characters.

Messrs. Turner Brothers, of Philadelphia, publish a translation in cheap form of *Madame de Chamblay*, by Alexander Dumas.

—Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published a neat, compact, well-printed edition of Hepworth Dixon's *Her Majesty's Tower*.

—*The Cattle Plague* (Lippincott) is a valuable treatise by Dr. H. Bourguignon, now of London and formerly of Paris.

—T. B. Ventres sends us a convenient *S.-S. Teachers' Classbook*, and some cheap Catechisms.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

$40 STITCH! STICH! $37.50

$40	40 first-class SEWING MACHINES given as premiums for	$37.50
$40	$37.50 worth of subscriptions for	$37.50
$40	WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD ADVOCATE, a first-class family paper, at 75 cents a year. Also	$37.50
$40		$37.50

$32 TICK! TICK! $30

$32	AMERICAN WATCHES, worth	$30
$32	$32, given for $30 worth of subscriptions. Also	$30
		$30

$12 DICTIONARY. $12

$12	Webster's Unabriged Dictionary,	$12
$12	worth $12, given as premiums for	$12
$12	$12 worth of subscriptions. Also	$12

$100 Sunday-School $100

$80 LIBRARIES, $80

$60	large or small, to be selected from	$60
$50	400 volumes of the *very best* Books	$50
$40	published, will be given as a premium	$40
$30	for an equivalent amount of subscriptions.	$30
$24		$24

Ac. Also several other premiums equally liberal. Ac.

☞ The ADVOCATE (formerly called the Presbyterian) contains 16 large pages, and aims to promote Knowledge, Virtue, and Temperance. ☜
☞ It has been enlarged and improved three times in 27 months. Send for specimen copy. ☜
Address WOOD,
P.-O. Building, Newburg, N. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS
from the press of
Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger,
PHILADELPHIA.

GOLDEN LINKS; or, Thoughts for the Hours. Square 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, $1.25; plain or red edges, uniform with "Changed Cross," $1.25.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS DICK, LL.D. Complete. 10 vols. New edition, from new stereotype plates, large, clear, nonpareil type, $10 00; sheep, library style, $11 25; half calf, plain edge, $16 25; half calf extra, gilt, marble edge, $18 75.

THE LAST PASSOVER. A Harmony of the Evangelists. An account of the closing incidents in the life of Jesus Christ, Our Passover, showing the verbal harmony of the four Gospel narratives, arranged by Rev. E. P. HUMPHREY. 16mo, cloth, 81.

THE DISEASES OF SHEEP. Explained and described, with the Proper Remedies to Prevent and Cure the same. With an ESSAY ON CATTLE DISEASES; especially dedicated to the use of Farmers, Sheep-growers, etc. By HENRY CLOK, V. S. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. $1 25. Cheap edition, paper cover, 75 cents.

GLENNAIR; or, Life in Scotland. By HELEN HAZLETT, author of "Heights of Hawkhurst." 16mo. $1 50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN AND THINGS at Washington during the third of a Century. By L. A. Gobright. 12mo, cloth, $1 75.

MAROONERS' ISLAND. By the author of "The Young Marooners." 16mo, cloth, Ill. $1 50.

CHILDREN WITH THE POETS. By HARRIET B. MCKEEVER, author of "Twilight Musings," "Sunbeams," "Edith's Ministry," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

SILVER THREADS. By Miss MCKEEVER, author of "Children with the Poets," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By MRS. TRIMMER. A New Edition, with 24 beautiful illustrations from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Small quarto, cloth, elegant gilt side and edge, $3 50.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE FOR 1869,

WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN EACH NUMBER. In addition to several chapters of the brilliant serial novel,

BEYOND THE BREAKERS,

each number contains a variety of

SHORT ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES,

by the best Authors; together with *Sketches of Travel; History and Biography; Essays; Papers of Wit and Humor; Articles on Popular Science, Finance, and Education; Poetry; Reviews; and Miscellanies.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL will be commenced in the July number.

Yearly Subscriptions, $4. Single Number, 35 cts.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

The twelve numbers of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for 1868, containing Mrs. R. H. Davis's charming novel,

DALLAS GALBRAITH,

(published a fee), will be given for each subscription ($4) to the Magazine for 1869 received between this date and the 1st of June next.

Specimen Numbers, with Premium List and Club Rates, sent to any address on receipt of two two-cent postage stamps to pay return postage. Address

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

PLANCHETTE; or, the Despair of Science.

SECOND EDITION.

Price in illuminated paper covers, 01; in green cloth, $1 25.

This long announced volume from the pen of a well-known American writer differs from others in the last thirty years much attention to the subjects treated will not disappoint public expectation.

"Planchette" is a thorough and careful survey of the whole subject of well attested phenomenon believed to be spiritual.

Considering the amount of matter it contains, and its deeply interesting character, "Planchette" is the cheapest book that has appeared for years. It cannot fail of an extensive circulation. Report attributes the authorship to Mr. Epes Sargent.

Sold by all bookseilers. Mailed, post-paid, by the Publishers, ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

Wood's Botany.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

THE WHITLOCK EXPOSITION.

A Perpetual Fair, 35 & 37 Park Place.

For full particulars send stamp for sample copy of *The Whitlock Exposition Reporter*, a journal of interest to every Inventor, Manufacturer, Farmer, Horticulturist, and Housekeeper.

Circulation Quarterly 100,000.

Address WHITLOCK EXPOSITION, Box 6725, N. Y.

CHROMOS, STEREOSCOPES,

Albums, and Photographic Materials imported and manufactured by

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway, New York,
(Opposite Metropolitan Hotel).

NEW YORK WEEKLY.—Subscription $3 a year. STREET & SMITH, 83 Fulton street, New York.

THE ADVANCE.

A first-class Religious Weekly. Specimen copies, containing a very liberal premium-list, sent free. Address THE ADVANCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

HENRY HOTT & S. BOOKS, BOSTON.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE—

"OUR BOYS AND GIRLS"—is popular among the young folks everywhere. Specimen copies sent free on application to LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

—FOR—

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The January, February, and March numbers of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" have been commended by the Press in the heartiest terms. Its Stories, by MR. ALDRICH, MRS. STOWE, MRS. DIAZ, SOPHIE MAY, "AUNT FANNY"; its Poems, by LUCY LARCOM, HARRIET PRESCOTT STOFFORD, KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, MISS MULOCK, GEORGE COOPER, and C. A. BARRY; MR. TROWBRIDGE'S graphic and instructive description of Glass-Making; MR. PARTON'S interesting account of the Invention and First Use of the Compass; MRS. AGASSIZ'S attractive papers of her series about "The World we Live on"; and EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S valuable and exceedingly attractive article, telling "How to Talk"—all these are recognized as giving to the Magazine in due proportion the two essential qualities of healthful entertainment and practical value; and as having such variety of character, such literary excellence, and so high a moral tone as to make the Magazine worthy of a place in every household.

"The Story of a Bad Boy," by T. B. ALDRICH, has excited general attention, by its *genuineness*, its truthful delineations of boy character, and the sustained interest of the incidents. The April number contains a very graphic account of the feverish state of patriotism into which Tom Bailey and his schoolfellows were brought by the approach of the Fourth of July, and the various feats and escapades in which their patriotism found expression. To give those who have not read the story some idea of its absorbing interest, we copy from the April installment the following extract from

TOM BAILEY'S NIGHT BEFORE THE FOURTH.

"Two months had elapsed since my arrival at Rivermouth, when the approach of an important celebration produced the greatest excitement among the juvenile population of the town.

"There was very little hard study done in the Temple Grammar School the week preceding the Fourth of July. For my part, my heart and brain were so full of fire-crackers, Roman-candles, rockets, pin-wheels, squibs, and gunpowder in various seductive forms, that I wonder I didn't explode under Mr. Grimshaw's very nose. I couldn't do a sum to save me; I couldn't tell, for love or money, whether Tallahassee was the capital of Tennessee or of Florida; the present and the pluperfect tenses were inextricably mixed in my memory, and I didn't know a verb from an adjective when I met one. This was not alone my condition, but that of every boy in the school.

"Mr. Grimshaw considerately made allowances for our temporary distraction, and sought to fix our interest on the lessons by connecting them directly or indirectly with the coming Event. The class in arithmetic, for instance, was requested to state how many boxes of fire-crackers, each box measuring sixteen inches square, could be stored in a room of such and such dimensions. He gave us the Declaration of Independence for a parsing exercise, and in geography confined his questions almost exclusively to localities rendered famous in the Revolutionary War.

"'What did the people of Boston do with the tea on board the English vessels?' asked our wily instructor.

"'Threw it into the river!' shrieked the boys, with an impetuosity that made Mr. Grimshaw smile in spite of himself. One luckless urchin said 'Chucked it,' for which happy expression he was kept in at recess.

"Notwithstanding these clever stratagems, there was not much solid work done by anybody. The trail of the serpent (an inexpensive but dangerous fire-toy) was over us all. We went round deformed by quantities of Chinese crackers artlessly concealed in our trowsers-pockets; and if a boy whipped out his handkerchief without proper precaution, he was sure to let off two or three torpedoes.

"Even Mr. Grimshaw was made a sort of accessory to the universal demoralization. In calling the school to order, he always rapped on the table with a heavy ruler. Under the green baize table-cloth, on the exact spot where he usually struck, a certain boy, whose name I withhold, placed a fat torpedo. The result was a loud explosion, which caused Mr. Grimshaw to look queer. Charley Marden was at the water-pail at the time, and directed general attention to himself by strangling for several seconds, and then squirting a slender thread of water over the blackboard.

"Mr. Grimshaw fixed his eyes reproachfully on Charley, but said nothing. The real culprit (it wasn't Charley Marden, but the boy whose name I withhold) instantly rerretted his badness, and after school confessed the whole thing to Mr. Grimshaw, who heaped coals of fire upon the nameless boy's head by giving him five cents for the Fourth of July. If Mr. Grimshaw had caned this unknown youth, the punishment would not have been half so severe.

"On the last day of June, the Captain received a letter from my father, enclosing five dollars 'for my son Tom,' which enabled that young gentleman to make regal preparations for the celebration of our national independence. A portion of this money, two dollars, I hastened to invest in fireworks; the balance I put by for contingencies. In placing the fund in my possession, the Captain imposed one condition that dampened my ardor considerably—I was to buy no gunpowder. I might have all the snapping crackers and torpedoes I wanted; but gunpowder was out of the question.

"I thought this rather hard, for all my young friends were provided with pistols of various sizes. Pepper Whitcomb had a horse-pistol nearly as large as himself; and Jack Harris, though he, to be sure, was a big boy, was going to have a real old-fashioned flint-lock musket. However, I didn't mean to let this drawback destroy my happiness. I had one charge of powder stowed away in the little brass pistol which I brought from New Orleans, and was bound to make a noise in the world once, if I never did again.

"It was a custom observed from time immemorial for the the town-boys to have a bonfire on the Square on the midnight before the Fourth. I didn't ask the Captain's leave to attend this ceremony, for I had a general idea that he wouldn't give it. If the Captain, I reasoned, doesn't forbid me, I break no orders by going. Now this was a specious line of argument, and the mishaps that befell me in consequence of adopting it were richly deserved.

"On the evening of the 3d I retired to bed very early, in order to disarm suspicion. I didn't sleep a wink, waiting for eleven o'clock to come round; and I thought it never would come round, as I lay counting from time to time the slow strokes of the ponderous bell in the steeple of the Old North church. At length the lagard hour arrived. While the clock was striking I jumped out of bed and began dressing.

"My grandfather and Miss Abigail were heavy sleepers, and I might have stolen down stairs and out of the front door undetected; but such a common-place proceeding did not suit my adventurous disposition. I fastened one end of a rope (it was a few yards cut from Kitty Collins's clothes-line) to the bedpost nearest the window, and cautiously climbed out on the wide pediment over the hall-door. I had neglected to knot the rope; the result was that, the moment I swung clear of the pediment, I descended like a flash of lightning, and warmed both my hands smartly. The rope, moreover, was four or five feet too short; so I got a fall that would have proved serious had I not tumbled into the middle of one of the big rose-bushes growing on either side of the steps.

"I scrambled out of that without delay, and was congratulating myself on my good luck, when I saw by the light of the setting moon the form of a man leaning over the garden-gate. It was one of the town watch, who had probably been observing my operations with curiosity. Seeing no chance of escape, I put a bold face on the matter and walked directly up to him.

"'What on airth air you a doin'?' asked the man, grasping the collar of my jacket.

"'I live here, sir, if you please,' I replied, 'and am going to the bonfire. I didn't want to wake up the old folks, that's all.'

"The man cocked his eye at me in the most amiable manner and released his hold.

"'Boys is boys,' he muttered. He didn't attempt to stop me as I allipsed through the gate.

"Once beyond his clutches, I took to my heels, and soon reached the Square, where I found forty or fifty fellows assembled, engaged in building a pyramid of tar-barrels. The palms of my hands still tingled so that I couldn't join in the sport. I stood in the doorway of the Nantalis Bank, watching the workers, among whom I recognised lots of my schoolmates. They looked like a legion of imps, coming and going in the twilight, busy in raising some infernal edifice. What a Babel of voices it was, everybody directing everybody else, and everybody doing everything wrong"

In addition to the "Story of a Bad Boy," the *April* number of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" will contain the following among many interesting and valuable articles:

WHAT ARE CORALS? An exceedingly attractive paper by MRS. PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, describing Coral Animals and the mode in which they build Coral Reefs.

HOW TO TALK? The second of EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S very valuable and interesting articles on topics of great practical importance to all young persons.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS. Another packet of those inimitable boy-letters, with their telling illustrations, by MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

WRECKS AND WRECKERS, by Major TRAVERSE, a new contributor, whose entertaining articles on fresh subjects cannot fail to be very popular.

TOM TWIST. A capital poem, by the author of "Nothing to Wear."

Attention is invited to the following letter, which expresses the sentiments of many letters that come daily to the Editors from the readers of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 23, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Your magazine is such a source of delight in our family, and, at the same time, so valuable an instructor to our children, that I feel impelled to write you and thank you for what you are doing for them, and for others like them. We have taken the magazine since it started, but we think it more interesting than ever this year. The "Story of a Bad Boy" pleases my boys so much that they fairly commit each installment to memory. MR. TROWBRIDGE'S article on "Glass-Making" we have found particularly interesting; and so are the articles by Mr. Parton, and Mrs. Hale, and Mrs. Agassiz.

I assure you that the monthly arrival of your magazine is a great event in our household. Expectation gets on tip-toe about the middle of each month, after which time the post-office boy is closely watched by two pair of large young eyes, on the look-out for what they call the best magazine that ever was.

In sober earnest, dear Editors, I feel that you are doing my children an inestimable good; that you are furnishing to them a style of reading in every respect admirable and particularly adapted to them; and, as I see the interest with which they read what you prepare for them, and observe its restraining and developing influence upon their young minds, I feel grateful that in their education I have such a valuable assistant as your magazine.

Respectfully yours,

TERMS:

$3 a year, in advance; Three copies, $8; Five copies, $6; Ten copies, $15, and $1 50 for each additional copy.

☞ A copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for the first four months of 1869 will be sent FREE to any one who wishes to examine the Magazine, on application to

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR & FIELDS,

124 Tremont street, Boston.

THE HEALTH LIFT

ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Mailed to any address upon receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Address

THE HEALTH LIFT,
11 and 117 Dearborn st.,
CHICAGO.

NOW READY,

NO. 24.—PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

Subject: "Self-conceit in Morals."

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.

The only authorized reports, issued weekly, in neat pamphlet form, well printed, on good paper, *suitable for binding*, containing Sermon and Prayer.
Price 8 cents; $3 per year; $1 75 per half-year.
Subscriptions, commencing with any number, received by the publishers,
The trade supplied by the American News Co.

J. B. FORD & CO.,
No. 164 Nassau street, Printing House Square, N. Y.

BRADBURY'S COLLECTION OF Church Music published and for sale by MASON BROTHERS, New York or Boston.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE IS SAID TO BE THE leading Metropolitan and National Magazine.

THE AMERICAN GUARDIAN is the Largest and Cheapest Temperance Paper in the country. It contains Tales, Sketches of Travel, Poetry, Editorials, and a Children's Department, illustrated, besides one or two Serial Tales by Distinguished Authors. Published weekly at $2 a year, or $1 six months, by GEO. S. FERGUSON & CO., 25 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE AND TRADE-LIST may be obtained gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS, personally or by letter, inclosing ten cents.

JANUARY, 1869.—DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 43 yearly. Send 15 cents for a specimen copy, and get our list of premiums for clubs.

EDUCATION.

1854 FIFTEENTH YEAR. 1869.
BROOKLYN JUVENILE HIGH SCHOOL.
LIVINGSTON STREET, NEAR COURT.
FALL TERM, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1868.

The principal aim and object of this School is the early education and training of boys under twelve years of age. The great principle adopted is thorough instruction in the rudiments, as the only means of training the mind, and securing a rapid and successful progress at a later period.

Farm and Garden.

CROWS.

TO THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I am pleased with your frequent appeals in behalf of the birds. But what shall be said of the crow? The discussions in the Fruit-growers' Club (see INDEPENDENT of Jan. 20th and 27th) attribute to him characters so widely different that they can hardly apply to the same bird; and we are forced to conclude that there must be different species, with differing propensities or somebody must "*have drawn on his imagination for his facts.*"

After a study of his habits for forty years in Northern Ohio, I cannot apply any wash of reputation that will make him a white crow. He is Nature's scavenger; and, if unmolested, would aid the farmer far more than he does in picking up worms and grubs. His long and frequent visits to our pastures are doubtless destructive to grasshoppers and other insects injurious to the farmer; but in early spring, when nothing can be picked up in the bare fields, he acts on the principle so often repeated by bipeds of less use to the world—"that the world owes them a living," and he does not hesitate to despoil hen's nests, or even to pick out the eyes of feeble lambs a day old, and pick their bones after they are dead. He never molests fruits or ripe grain, while his cunning and saucy ways are amusing. With all his other faults enumerated (which are of rare occurrence), he would be tolerated and even liked, were it not for his depredations on newly-planted field of corn.

CROW TACTICS.

Fields planted near woodland are specially favorable for their depredations. When the young shoots begin to make their appearance above ground, the crows will gather in a flock and watch from the tree-tops the array of strings, bits of glittering tin, the effigies and clattering windmills put up to frighten them away. And soon concluding that it is all a dumb show, they decide to try it; and, posting one of their number as sentinel to give warning of danger, they drop down two or three at a time until the whole flock are engaged. At the least alarm from their sentry, they are instantly on the wing; but if no enemy is seen they soon return to their work. After the flock have finished their meal, they relieve the sentinel, who takes his turn. After this nothing but constant watching by man or boy from early dawn to sunset will keep them away.

REMEDY.

Says one: "Scatter corn plentifully through the field, so that the crow will not need to pull up the planted grain." A very humane expedient, with only one drawback, which is that crows never eat dry corn, and could not if they would, as they have not the apparatus to grind it. Shooting is of little use. They will double their sentries and continue their depredations. Corn may be soaked until it sprouts, and scattered for them to eat; but a half-day's sunshine will harden it and make it useless. The remedy I propose is simple, effectual, and well-proved. Select a spot which the crow can approach only on one side. A large stump, with two high projecting roots, is the best possible place; and next the stump fasten to a small stake some butcher's offal. Then take a light steel trap, make it fast by a light chain to a stake, lest some unlucky dog should set foot in it and run off with your trap. Then set it so that it will spring easily, put some dry grass or leaves under the pan, place the trap so that Sir Crow will have to stand over the pan of the trap, then cover it carefully with fine dirt, and await the result. If set at noon, when there are no crows about, you will not wait longer than 5 P. M. before you will see and hear a terrible commotion among the black feathers. The crow caught will begin to squall, and the whole flock are instantly on the wing, each squalling to his utmost capacity and flying high up in the air over their unlucky companion. Every crow that hears the outcry will begin to squall and fly to the spot, and in ten minutes every crow within the radius of miles will be there and join the chorus. Not another crow will venture near the field that season. The trap is an enemy that baffles all their tactics and takes them without warning. It does not make them shy of men like shooting, is very easily done, and will prove a perfect success wherever tried. H. MONTGOMERY.

GENEVA, O., Feb. 4th, 1869.

FRANKLIN, N. Y., Feb. 27th, 1869.

TO THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir:—What you say about raising Garden Seeds, Early Potatoes, etc., is, with qualifications, very good. I have had some experience in gardening, and have found that it is cheaper to purchase some seeds than it is *to attempt to raise them*. The Long Red and the Yellow Mangold Wurtzel grow here to a large size from purchased seed, but from seed of my own raising are nothing but half-long Beets of inferior size. The same is true of other varieties of the Beet. They lose their distinctive character the second season. I have given up raising my own Cabbage seed, for the reason that the seed so frequently blasts. Carrot seed also blasts frequently, and I sometimes have to purchase.

Parsnip seed I raise; but it costs more than it comes to, for it is necessary to fight the worms daily from the appearance of the blossom till the seeds are full-grown. I always raise my own Onion seed—never have any success with that purchased from dealers. (Raised thirty bushels of Onions last summer in my garden, and two hundred and twenty-four bushels Carrots from the same bed. The Carrot seed did not come up good, or there would have been twice as many.) Beans are easily raised here, though the Lima occasionally gets nipped by frosts. Sweet Corn runs out or greatly deteriorates after three or four years, and it is necessary to change seed.

I think you are a little too hard on the Early Potatoes. The Early Goodrich is a valuable potato, for good reasons: it is very early and is quite prolific, and it keeps well with us. As as a table potato, it is a good deal better than *no* potato, and some better than the old whited cullings in July and August. If the Early Rose be a week or ten days earlier than the Goodrich, it must and will be regarded as *one* of our most valuable potatoes.

I have twice written to the Farmers' Club to inquire how to grow Quince seed? The only answer I can get is, Quince trees are not raised from seed, but from cuttings. The answer is not satisfactory. I have twice attempted to propagate from cuttings, and twice from seed; but failed in every instance. If Quince seed will not germinate, why do seed dealers advertise and sell them. Can some one tell me about them? Yours, etc., I. L. SIMMONS.

ROADSIDE IMPROVEMENTS.

MRS. STOWE has been giving to those who would enlighten the world by scintillations of wit and wisdom advice like this: "First, Be sure you have something to say worth saying." About this theme, "Roadside Improvements," the trouble seems to be what can be left unsaid, and yet accomplish the object for which we labor.

We may believe with Ruskin that everything beautiful reveals the Infinite, adopt the theory of the old philosophers, or have no belief at all; yet there seems in all, old or young, an innate love of the beautiful. Believers in total depravity may find in this trait of humanity a possible chance of hope for the progressive development of the race. There are many hindrances to roadside improvements, few of which we will here consider. Could we have had the laying out of country roads, we would have avoided the very highest hill in the town by going a little further around. We, too, would have shunned that dreadful slough, which in wet weather is worse than any Bunyan ever dreamed of; but that particular route was a little cheaper than any other, and so generations have come and gone over the same, and will continue to do so while time lasts, providing the roadway, poor as it is, does not all get stolen. We will just here allude to the practice (although it seems past belief) that prevails in some neighborhoods of encroaching upon the roadway in rebuilding fences. We have seen within the radius of four miles a number of such instances: in one case, an eighth of a mile moved two or three feet. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," and so the stealing goes on.

Another hindrance to the beautifying of the roadside in our rugged New England towns lies in the fact that for successive years they have been the dumping-grounds of all the refuse stone and other materials which the farmer wants to be rid of with the least possible trouble to himself. Why tell us to imitate the much-admired foreigner, who with his boot makes the hole into which he thrusts the nut that shall spring into life and beauty to bless coming generations? A sorry time would our Yankee have trying to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

Nothing we may ever do in the way of planting shade-trees will avail anything until there shall be less laxity of public opinion in regard to stray cattle and dilapidated horses, that are turned out to find a scanty living by the roadside. There are laws enough, were they enforced, to protect us; but there seems a strange aversion among the people to do anything which their careless neighbors might dislike, forgetting entirely that those who are disposed to do what is right are entitled to their share of consideration.

Let us next look at the way in which our country roads are kept in repair. The owner of land has so many dollars' tax to work out; so much is allowed for labor of a man, so much for a boy, and so much for a team. If the farmer's work is hurrying, the help that is of the least account at home is selected for the occasion. They work under the direction of a man who seems to be selected upon the principle of rotation in office, rather than any special fitness for the position assigned him. Were the same man to continue in office year after year, he might get tired of covering the same old stones with a little earth, to be washed away with the first rain, or he might feel some compunctions of conscience at continuously running a plow through the greensward in front of your door. Well do we remember the indignation which filled all our being to see the beautiful green, where not a stray twig or leaf was allowed to linger, rudely desecrated by uncivilized attempts at road-mending. Nothing but a careful keeping of the road in repair by one's self has prevented a repetition of the outrage.

The soil is taken from where it comes handy, the ditch is left undrained year after year, and the bowlder still stands where it will just graze the hub if the driver fails to keep a sharp look-out ahead. We are convinced that the accident which befel the "Deacon's one-horse shay" would never have happened had proper precautions been taken to remove all causes of concussion; and, instead of lasting a paltry hundred years, it might still be in good condition, had the roads been what they should. Let me here introduce an extract from a letter received not long since, which has a bearing on this subject:

"The remembrances of a late visit to the home of my childhood are not of a happy character. You remember the magnificent elm not far from the station, a tree which if left to itself would almost have been a joy forever. Planted by ancestors not his own, what right had the utilitarian to cut it down? I can never pass the spot left vacant without feeling that 'twould have better had the old man passed away a little sooner, and the noble tree been spared. Then, too, the beautifully shaded walk where we used to swing by the pendant branches of the stately buttonwoods. To be sure, the mysterious blast struck the trees, and they died by slow decay; but that was no justification for the vandals who spaded up the soft green turf to mend the highway. But the puddles are just where they used to be when it rained, the stones still in the path worn smooth by feet of childhood from school—not so large, to be sure, as they seemed to us forty years ago."

With this view of the hindrances which beset all attempts in roadside improvements, what practical avenues of reform offer themselves? If we fly to the rigor of the law for the enforcement of our right, or protection from our wrongs, our attention is directed to the accumulated dead statutes on our books, which are laughed to scorn by that portion of our rural population in no way susceptible to the necessities we advocate; and it may be that it is impracticable to regulate so extended a territory by any statute which shall carry with it sufficient public sentiment, to insure its vitality. But, if we may not compel a man to plant shade-trees for posterity, we may, at least, protect those already planted from his vandalism. If we may not compel him to preserve an even grade to the common way of travel, and secure an ample border of greensward by the side of it, we may surely compel him to remove from the roadside those infectious and unsightly plants, like the thistle and carrot, which are positive evils, endangering the fruitfulness of all adjacent meadows, and are as certainly harmful to the interests of the cities every crow within the radius of miles will be there and join the chorus. Not another crow will venture near the field that season. The trap is an enemy that baffles all their tactics and takes them without warning. It does not make them shy of men like shooting, is very easily done, and will prove a perfect success wherever tried. H. MONTGOMERY.

GENEVA, O., Feb. 4th, 1869.

FRANKLIN, N. Y., Feb. 27th, 1869.

TO THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir:—What you say about raising Garden Seeds, Early Potatoes, etc., is, with qualifications, very good. I have had some experience in gardening, and have found that it is cheaper to purchase some seeds than it is *to attempt to raise them*. The Long Red and the Yellow Mangold Wurtzel grow here to a large size from purchased seed, but from seed of my own raising are nothing but half-long Beets of inferior size. The same is true of other varieties of the Beet. They lose their distinctive character the second season. I have given up raising my own Cabbage seed, for the reason that the seed so frequently blasts. Carrot seed also blasts frequently, and I sometimes have to purchase.

Parsnip seed I raise; but it costs more than it comes to, for it is necessary to fight the worms daily from the appearance of the blossom till the seeds are full-grown. I always raise my own Onion seed—never have any success with that purchased from dealers. (Raised thirty bushels of Onions last summer in my garden, and two hundred and twenty-four bushels Carrots from the same bed. The Carrot seed did not come up good, or there would have been twice as many.) Beans are easily raised here, though the Lima occasionally gets nipped by frosts. Sweet Corn runs out or greatly deteriorates after three or four years, and it is necessary to change seed.

I think you are a little too hard on the Early Potatoes. The Early Goodrich is a valuable potato, for good reasons: it is very early and is quite prolific, and it keeps well with us. As as a table potato, it is a good deal better than *no* potato, and some better than the old whited cullings in July and August. If the Early Rose be a week or ten days earlier than the Goodrich, it must and will be regarded as *one* of our most valuable potatoes.

I have twice written to the Farmers' Club to inquire how to grow Quince seed? The only answer I can get is, Quince trees are not raised from seed, but from cuttings. The answer is not satisfactory. I have twice attempted to propagate from cuttings, and twice from seed; but failed in every instance. If Quince seed will not germinate, why do seed dealers advertise and sell them. Can some one tell me about them? Yours, etc., I. L. SIMMONS.

ROADSIDE IMPROVEMENTS.

MRS. STOWE has been giving to those who would enlighten the world by scintillations of wit and wisdom advice like this: "First, Be sure you have something to say worth saying." About this theme, "Roadside Improvements," the trouble seems to be what can be left unsaid, and yet accomplish the object for which we labor.

We may believe with Ruskin that everything beautiful reveals the Infinite, adopt the theory of the old philosophers, or have no belief at all; yet there seems in all, old or young, an innate love of the beautiful. Believers in total depravity may find in this trait of humanity a possible chance of hope for the progressive development of the race. There are many hindrances to roadside improvements, few of which we will here consider. Could we have had the laying out of country roads, we would have avoided the very highest hill in the town by going a little further around. We, too, would have shunned that dreadful slough, which in wet weather is worse than any Bunyan ever dreamed of; but that particular route was a little cheaper than any other, and so generations have come and gone over the same, and will continue to do so while time lasts, providing the roadway, poor as it is, does not all get stolen. We will just here allude to the practice (although it seems past belief) that prevails in some neighborhoods of encroaching upon the roadway in rebuilding fences. We have seen within the radius of four miles a number of such instances: in one case, an eighth of a mile moved two or three feet. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," and so the stealing goes on.

Another hindrance to the beautifying of the roadside in our rugged New England towns lies in the fact that for successive years they have been the dumping-grounds of all the refuse stone and other materials which the farmer wants to be rid of with the least possible trouble to himself. Why tell us to imitate the much-admired foreigner, who with his boot makes the hole into which he thrusts the nut that shall spring into life and beauty to bless coming generations? A sorry time would our Yankee have trying to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

Nothing we may ever do in the way of planting shade-trees will avail anything until there shall be less laxity of public opinion in regard to stray cattle and dilapidated horses, that are turned out to find a scanty living by the roadside. There are laws enough, were they enforced, to protect us; but there seems a strange aversion among the people to do anything which their careless neighbors might dislike, forgetting entirely that those who are disposed to do what is right are entitled to their share of consideration.

Let us next look at the way in which our country roads are kept in repair. The owner of land has so many dollars' tax to work out; so much is allowed for labor of a man, so much for a boy, and so much for a team. If the farmer's work is hurrying, the help that is of the least account at home is selected for the occasion. They work under the direction of a man who seems to be selected upon the principle of rotation in office, rather than any special fitness for the position assigned him. Were the same man to continue in office year after year, he might get tired of covering the same old stones with a little earth, to be washed away with the first rain, or he might feel some compunctions of conscience at continuously running a plow through the greensward in front of your door. Well do we remember the indignation which filled all our being to see the beautiful green, where not a stray twig or leaf was allowed to linger, rudely desecrated by uncivilized attempts at road-mending. Nothing but a careful keeping of the road in repair by one's self has prevented a repetition of the outrage.

The soil is taken from where it comes handy, the ditch is left undrained year after year, and the bowlder still stands where it will just graze the hub if the driver fails to keep a sharp look-out ahead. We are convinced that the accident which befel the "Deacon's one-horse shay" would never have happened had proper precautions been taken to remove all causes of concussion; and, instead of lasting a paltry hundred years, it might still be in good condition, had the roads been what they should. Let me here introduce an extract from a letter received not long since, which has a bearing on this subject:

"The remembrances of a late visit to the home of my childhood are not of a happy character. You remember the magnificent elm not far from the station, a tree which if left to itself would almost have been a joy forever. Planted by ancestors not his own, what right had the utilitarian to cut it down? I can never pass the spot left vacant without feeling that 'twould have better had the old man passed away a little sooner, and the noble tree been spared. Then, too, the beautifully shaded walk where we used to swing by the pendant branches of the stately buttonwoods. To be sure, the mysterious blast struck the trees, and they died by slow decay; but that was no justification for the vandals who spaded up the soft green turf to mend the highway. But the puddles are just where they used to be when it rained, the stones still in the path worn smooth by feet of childhood from school—not so large, to be sure, as they seemed to us forty years ago."

With this view of the hindrances which beset all attempts in roadside improvements, what practical avenues of reform offer themselves? If we fly to the rigor of the law for the enforcement of our right, or protection from our wrongs, our attention is directed to the accumulated dead statutes on our books, which are laughed to scorn by that portion of our rural population in no way susceptible to the necessities we advocate; and it may be that it is impracticable to regulate so extended a territory by any statute which shall carry with it sufficient public sentiment, to insure its vitality. But, if we may not compel a man to plant shade-trees for posterity, we may, at least, protect those already planted from his vandalism. If we may not compel him to preserve an even grade to the common way of travel, and secure an ample border of greensward by the side of it, we may surely compel him to remove from the roadside those infectious and unsightly plants, like the thistle and carrot, which are positive evils, endangering the fruitfulness of all adjacent meadows, and are as certainly harmful to the interests of the cities every crow within the radius of miles will be there and join the chorus. Not another crow will venture near the field that season. The trap is an enemy that baffles all their tactics and takes them without warning. It does not make them shy of men like shooting, is very easily done, and will prove a perfect success wherever tried. H. MONTGOMERY.

GENEVA, O., Feb. 4th, 1869.

FRANKLIN, N. Y., Feb. 27th, 1869.

TO THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir:—What you say about raising Garden Seeds, Early Potatoes, etc., is, with qualifications, very good. I have had some experience in gardening, and have found that it is cheaper to purchase some seeds than it is *to attempt to raise them*. The Long Red and the Yellow Mangold Wurtzel grow here to a large size from purchased seed, but from seed of my own raising are nothing but half-long Beets of inferior size. The same is true of other varieties of the Beet. They lose their distinctive character the second season. I have given up raising my own Cabbage seed, for the reason that the seed so frequently blasts. Carrot seed also blasts frequently, and I sometimes have to purchase.

Parsnip seed I raise; but it costs more than it comes to, for it is necessary to fight the worms daily from the appearance of the blossom till the seeds are full-grown. I always raise my own Onion seed—never have any success with that purchased from dealers. (Raised thirty bushels of Onions last summer in my garden, and two hundred and twenty-four bushels Carrots from the same bed. The Carrot seed did not come up good, or there would have been twice as many.) Beans are easily raised here, though the Lima occasionally gets nipped by frosts. Sweet Corn runs out or greatly deteriorates after three or four years, and it is necessary to change seed.

I think you are a little too hard on the Early Potatoes. The Early Goodrich is a valuable potato, for good reasons: it is very early and is quite prolific, and it keeps well with us. As as a table potato, it is a good deal better than *no* potato, and some better than the old whited cullings in July and August. If the Early Rose be a week or ten days earlier than the Goodrich, it must and will be regarded as *one* of our most valuable potatoes.

I have twice written to the Farmers' Club to inquire how to grow Quince seed? The only answer I can get is, Quince trees are not raised from seed, but from cuttings. The answer is not satisfactory. I have twice attempted to propagate from cuttings, and twice from seed; but failed in every instance. If Quince seed will not germinate, why do seed dealers advertise and sell them. Can some one tell me about them? Yours, etc., I. L. SIMMONS.

ROADSIDE IMPROVEMENTS.

MRS. STOWE has been giving to those who would enlighten the world by scintillations of wit and wisdom advice like this: "First, Be sure you have something to say worth saying." About this theme, "Roadside Improvements," the trouble seems to be what can be left unsaid, and yet accomplish the object for which we labor.

We may believe with Ruskin that everything beautiful reveals the Infinite, adopt the theory of the old philosophers, or have no belief at all; yet there seems in all, old or young, an innate love of the beautiful. Believers in total depravity may find in this trait of humanity a possible chance of hope for the progressive development of the race. There are many hindrances to roadside improvements, few of which we will here consider. Could we have had the laying out of country roads, we would have avoided the very highest hill in the town by going a little further around. We, too, would have shunned that dreadful slough, which in wet weather is worse than any Bunyan ever dreamed of; but that particular route was a little cheaper than any other, and so generations have come and gone over the same, and will continue to do so while time lasts, providing the roadway, poor as it is, does not all get stolen. We will just here allude to the practice (although it seems past belief) that prevails in some neighborhoods of encroaching upon the roadway in rebuilding fences. We have seen within the radius of four miles a number of such instances: in one case, an eighth of a mile moved two or three feet. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," and so the stealing goes on.

Another hindrance to the beautifying of the roadside in our rugged New England towns lies in the fact that for successive years they have been the dumping-grounds of all the refuse stone and other materials which the farmer wants to be rid of with the least possible trouble to himself. Why tell us to imitate the much-admired foreigner, who with his boot makes the hole into which he thrusts the nut that shall spring into life and beauty to bless coming generations? A sorry time would our Yankee have trying to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

Nothing we may ever do in the way of planting shade-trees will avail anything

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1802.
ISAAC SMITH'S SON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Umbrellas and Parasols.
No. 405 Broadway, N.Y.

AGRICULTURAL.
NOTICE TO FARMERS.
After this date (March 1st) no Norway Oats will be held by us for future delivery, and no more C. O. D. orders will be sent out this season. Address JONES & CLARK, only Agents for Ramsdell's Norway Oats, P. O. Box 5589. 20 Liberty st., N. Y.

BAUCH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
Standard Warranted.
We offer to FARMERS and DEALERS in Manures the present season our Raw Bone Super-Phosphate of Lime as being highly improved.
It is not necessary at this day to argue the claims of this manure as a useful and economical application for CORN, OATS, and all spring crops. The article has a reputation of over fifteen years' standing, and is still manufactured by the original proprietors.
FARMERS will please send their orders to the Dealer early, as this only will insure a supply.
BAUGH & SONS, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, Philadelphia.
JOHN RALSTON & CO., Wholesale Agents, 181 Pearl street, N.Y.

TRADE MARK
BEST PAINTS 1 the cost 3 of Lead.
FOR HOUSES RAILROADS, CARS, ROOFS, DEPOTS, BRIDGES.
100 lbs. coating $12.50, will paint as much as 300 lbs. of Lead, costing $36, and wear longer.
S. BOWEN, AGENT, 150 N. 4th Street, PHILA. PA.

MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES.
ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.
THE SPRING CATALOGUES of this old and well-known establishment, the largest and most complete in the United States, are now ready for distribution, and should be consulted by all who intend planting.
Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of 10 cents each, for No. 1 Fruit trees: No. 2, Ornamental trees; No. 3, Greenhouse plants; (No. 4 Wholesale, sent free).

To Farmers and Stock-Raisers.
The cheapest and most complete book of the kind ever published. SLOAN'S COMPLETE FARRIER AND CATTLE DOCTOR. Containing Full and Complete Directions for Choosing, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, and Poultry. With Detailed Descriptions of their Different Breeds. Together with a full and accurate account of all the Diseases to which they are subject, and the Causes, Symptoms, and the most Approved Remedies for the same. Fifth edition. Enlarged, Improved, and Splendidly Illustrated. Price $2. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. WALKER & TAYLOR, Publishers, Chicago, Ill., P. O. Drawer 5896.
In ordering the book, please say in what paper you saw the advertisement.

Farmers & Gardeners
WM. L. BRADLEY will be happy to forward his pamphlets of testimonials for 1869, with directions for using his famous *Super Phosphate of Lime*, and other standard Fertilizers, free, on application.
WM. L. BRADLEY, 24 Broad street, Boston.

Ready Roofing
THE FIRST CUSTOMER IN EACH place can buy 1,000 feet at 25 per cent. discount. Samples and circulars sent by mail. READY ROOFING CO., 81 Maiden Lane New York

FARMERS & GARDENERS.
Do you wish to DOUBLE YOUR CROPS?
Do you want EARLY and LARGE VEGETABLES?
Do you want IMMENSE CROPS of ONIONS?
Do you want all this AT A LESS EXPENSE THAN USING BARNYARD MANURE?
Then buy the DOUBLE REFINED POUDRETTE.
Send for a Pamphlet to the LODI MANUFACTURING CO., Box 3139 N. Y. P.O. Office, 66 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

FRESH GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS, prepaid by mail. For 10 cts. per ounce, the best sorts Asparagus, Beet, Carrot, Parsnip, Radish, Spinach, and Turnip. For 15 and 25 cts. per ounce the best Cabbage, Celery, Chicory, Cucumber, Lettuce, Melon, Salsify, Squash, and Tomato. For 40 cts. Onion and Pepper. The above also in 5 ct. papers. 25 sorts Garden and Flower Seeds, $1. Calceolaria mix. Early Rose Potato 75 cts. per lb.; 40 for 5 lbs. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted. H. M. WATSON, Plymouth, Mass.

ATTENTION, CANE GROWERS!
THE CLOUGH REFINING PROCESS A GREAT SUCCESS! Active Agents wanted in every County to introduce this valuable improvement. References required. Circulars and a sample of Refined Syrup free by mail. Address CLOUGH REFINING COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED.
New Crop, just received, and for sale by PLANT BROS., PRATT & CO., St. Louis, Mo

BELLS.
Meneely's Bell Foundery,
WEST TROY, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED IN 1826.
Church, Academy, Factory, and other Bells, made of copper and tin, warranted satisfactory, and mounted with our New Patent Rotary Yoke—the most recent and desirable bell-fixture in use.
For prices and catalogues apply to E. A. & G. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

OLD ESTABLISHED TROY BELL FOUNDRY, TROY, N. Y.
(Established 1826.) A large assortment of Church, Academy, Fire-Alarm, and other Bells constantly on hand and made to order. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free upon application to JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.

INSURANCE.
"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."
The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS PULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
102 Broadway, New York.
STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,512,022 50
CASH ASSETS	$2,012,022 50

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $600,000.
The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, '61, and '62, are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS
GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. Low	A. A. Low & Brothers.
John D. Maine	David Dows & Co.
S. B. Chittenden	S. B. Chittenden & Co.
Lowell Anderson	Lowell Anderson & Co.
Carlos Cobb	
Wm. T. Coleman	Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
Wm. H. Swan	Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
William T. Booth	Booth & Dimon.
Chas. M. Connolly	Connolly & Co.
William V. Brady	
George W. Lane	Geo. W. Lane & Co.
Chas. Corey Tabbs	C. C. & H. M. Tabbs.
Samuel D. Babcock	Babcock, Perry & Co.
Henry C. Bowen	Henry C. Bowen.
Adrelius R. Ubell	Fahnestock, Hall & Co.
James Fraser	Fraser, Major & Co.
William M. Vail	
Hiram Barney	Barney, Butler & Parsons.
Lawrence Turnure	Moses Taylor & Co.
Shepard Gandy	Shepard Gandy.
George Griswold	N. L. & G. Griswold.
Samuel A. Sawtell	Sawyer, Wallace Co.
Cyrus Curtiss	President Washington Life Ins. Co.
William D. Morgan	J. E. Morgan & Son.
Wm. Allen Butler	
Uriel A. Murdock	President Continental Bank.
D. H. Arnold	President of Mercantile Bank.
Charles Lamson	C. H. Marshall & Co.
L. H. Bingham	Late Bingham & Parsons.
Wellington Clapp	Late Clapp & Kent.
Bradish Johnson	Johnson & Lazarus.
John Caswell	John Caswell & Co.
Henry F. Spaulding	Spaulding, Hunt & Co.
John Paine	
Joseph Battell	Edgerton, Battell & Co.
Robert H. McCurdy	late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
George S. Stephenson	George S. Stephenson & Co.
George Moore	E. Parmelee & Co.
Wm. M. Richards	Richards & Collins.
John H. Earle	Earl & Cunningham.
Henry Eyre	
Charles H. Booth	Charles H. Booth & Co.
Edward Martin	Cramer & Co.
Horace B. Claflin	H. B. Claflin & Co.

CYRUS PECK Secretary.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 108 Broadway, New York.
Capital, $300,000.
INSURES FIRE RISKS AT CUSTOMARY RATES. ALSO MARINE RISKS ON CARGO AND FREIGHT ONLY.

R. M. C. GRAHAM, President.
W. S. NEWELL, Secretary.
SAMUEL J. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary.

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL	$200,000 00
SURPLUS	35,472 80
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867	$235,472 80

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
ED. S. SAYRES, Assistant Secretary.

ECLECTIC
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE 187 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
JAMES W. BARKER, President.
MERRITT H. SMITH, *Vice-President.*
EDWARD STURGES, *Secretary.*
ISRAEL C. PIERSON, *Actuary.*
This is the only ECLECTIC COMPANY in the world. Insurances granted on all known methods and made
INTERCHANGEABLE,
at the option of the assured, without surrender or loss.
ANNUAL DIVIDENDS,
PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.
Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances
CANCELED BY DIVIDENDS.
STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.
Dividends declared on the Contribution Plan.
THIRTY DAYS' GRACE, on application, for payment of premiums.
NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon.
PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.
The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 35, Premium $2 28. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance:

When 24 payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.	
" 3d "	"	2 years	12 "
" 4th "	"	3 "	27 "
" 5th "	"	4 "	4s "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.
No extra rates for assurance of Women, or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.
All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.
NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.
"This corporation (The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—WILLIAM BARNES, Superintendent of N. Y. Ins. Department, Report, 1868.

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.
WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*
Cash Assets, - - $8,000,000.
Annual Premium Income, $5,000,000.
Sum Assured (New Business) during the year ending January 31st, 1868,
$47,020,134.
IT ISSUES ALL DESIRABLE NON-FORFEITING POLICIES
on a Single Life, from $250 to $25,000.
All Profits Divided Among Policy-holders Annually from the start.
IT IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COMPANY EVER ORGANIZED, AND, FOR ITS YEARS,
The Largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World!
To secure a Policy in the Equitable, apply at the office, No. 92 Broadway, N. Y., or to any of the Society's Agents throughout the United States.
Agents wishing to represent the EQUITABLE are invited to make application for appointment, by letter, to the New York office.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
NEW YORK, January 20th, 1869.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1868.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1868, to 31st Dec., 1868	$6,788,509 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868	2,703,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$9,341,512 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	$5,377,670 89
Losses paid during the same period	$1,681,080 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,513,338 61

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$7,387,475 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	230,380 03
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,510,676 73
Cash in Bank	450,548 83
Total Amount of Assets	$13,003,181 39

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the second of February next
The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.
A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of April next.
By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES,	HENRY K. BOGERT,
CHARLES DENNIS,	DENNIS PERKINS,
W. H. H. MOORE,	JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr.
HENRY COIT,	C. A. HAND,
WM. C. PICKERSGILL,	E. J. HOWLAND,
LEWIS CURTIS,	BENJ. BABCOCK,
CHARLES H. RUSSELL,	ROBT. B. MINTURN, Jr.,
LOWELL HOLBROOK,	GORDON W. BURNHAM,
R. WARREN WESTON,	FREDERICK CHAUNCEY,
ROYAL PHELPS,	JAMES LOW,
CALEB BARSTOW,	GEORGE STEPHENSON,
A. P. PILLOT,	WILLIAM H. WEBB,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,	PAUL SPOFFORD,
ROBT. C. FERGUSON,	SHEPPARD GANDY,
DAVID LANE,	ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
JAMES BRYCE,	SAMUEL G. WARD,
FRANCIS SKIDDY,	WILLIAM R. BUNKER,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	SAMUEL L. MITCHILL,
WM. STURGIS,	JAMES G. DE FOREST,
CHAS. P. BURDETT.	

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY,
119 Broadway, N. Y.
ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1869, $1,706,611 91.
FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.
A. P. HASTINGS, President.
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President. FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.
NATHAN HARPER, Ass't Secretary

WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
155 Broadway, New York.
Cash Assets, - $1,500,000.00.
CYRUS CURTISS, - - President.
MATTHEW MITCHELL, Vice-Pres't. W. A. BREWER, JR., Secretary.

SECURITY
Life Insurance AND ANNUITY COMPANY,
31 and 33 Pine Street,
NEW YORK.
OFFICERS:
ROBERT L. CASE, President.

GORHAM Mfg Co.

STERLING SILVER WARE

AND

Fine Electro-Plated

WAR.

THE GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO., OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., having the largest manufactory of Solid Silver Ware in the world, with the most improved machinery, and employing the most skilled labor, are enabled to offer an unequaled variety of new and beautiful designs in Dinner Services, Tea Services, and every article specially adapted for Holiday and Bridal Gifts.

They offer also their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, in which they have introduced new patterns of rare elegance. The Solid Silver is guaranteed to be of sterling purity by U. S. Mint assay. The Electro-Plate is guaranteed to be superior to the finest Sheffield ware. Orders received from the Trade only, but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

Trade Mark for Silver. GORHAM MFG CO. Trade Mark for Electro-Plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO., SALESROOM NO. 3 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

The Gorham Ware

May be Obtained from

ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co., No. 20 John Street, New York.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

3-4 PLATE. 16 SIZE.

The attention of Watch buyers is directed to these fine Watches, which are warranted to satisfy the most exacting demand for beauty, finish, and accuracy.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING JEWELERS.

REYNOLDS' TURBINE WATER-WHEELS.

No Complex, Duplex, or Tri-plex complications. All such are costly, perishable, easily clogged, inscrutable.

Mill Gearing, Shafting, and Pulleys. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

GEORGE TALLCOT, 96 Liberty st., N. Y.

OTIS SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO., No. 309 Broadway, New York.

C. O. D. Genuine Waltham Watches. C. O. D.

We ask the attention of the public to the low prices at which we are selling these celebrated watches. They are in Coin Silver Hunting-Cases, weighing two oz. each, and for beauty of design and thorough workmanship cannot be excelled.

Wm. Ellery Jeweled Lever Hunting Watch.....$18
Do. Extra Jeweled Chronometer Balance Hunting Watch..... 22
F. S. Bartlett Extra Jeweled Chronometer Balance Hunting Watch..... 26
Appleton, Tracy & Co. Extra Full-Jeweled Chronometer Balance Hunting Watch..... 29

The same movements in three oz. case, $2 additional. The same movements in four oz. case, $4.50 additional. These desiring gold watches will receive full particulars by mail, upon application.

Goods sent by express, with privilege of examination in the possession of Express Co. before payment.

A certificate of genuineness sent with each watch.

Parties ordering must pay express charges.

FULLER & CO., Successors to M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., No. 47 Liberty street, New York.

AZURENE

CONCENTRATED INDIGO

For the Laundry.—Free from Oxalic Acid.—See Chemist's Certificate.

A Patent Pocket Pincushion and Emery Bag IN EACH TWENTY CENT BOX.

For Sale by all respectable Grocers and Druggists, and at the depots, 102 South Second street, Philadelphia and 16 Burling Slip, New York.

CERTIFICATE!

Boston, 19th Nov., 1868.

MESSRS. HARRISON BROTHERS & CO.,

GENTLEMEN—Your "Azurene" has been analyzed and compared with other articles used as Laundry Blueing.

We have found it entirely soluble in cold water, and much more rich in coloring matter than other preparations. It is free from any poisonous or corrosive substance, or any matter which can impair the finest textile fabrics. Among the large number of preparations, both solid and pasty, submitted to us, no one has presented a composition so pure, or possessed of such an azure blue color, and we regard "Azurene" as remarkably adapted to the use of the laundress, and applicable on the large scale to bleaching goods, where perfect whiteness is sought for.

(Signed) Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D., S. DANA HAYES, State Assayers for Massachusetts.

Parties ordering will please state they have seen this advertisement.

ELGIN WATCHES!!

CAUTION.—The public are respectfully cautioned against purchasing our watches, or watches PURPORTING to be of our make, of parties who advertise to send them "C. O. D." We have no connection with such houses, and do not furnish our goods to any house for that purpose. The excellence and good repute of the real ELGIN WATCHES have caused several Foreign and American Watches to make similar pretensions, with the same or similar trade-marks as ours. Avoid such parties who advertise to send our goods "C. O. D." no matter whom. To get the real ELGIN WATCHES, purchase only of dealers in your vicinity, or elsewhere, whom you know to be honorable.

THE NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Illinois.

Business Office, Nos. 159 and 161 Lake st., Chicago, Ill.

TURNER BROS., Bankers,

COR. NASSAU AND PINE STS., Opposite U. S. Treasury, N. Y.,

Buy and Sell at Market Prices Government Bonds of all issues and all kinds of first-class Securities.

Deposits received, and Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

N. B.—California Pacific Railroad Bonds bought and sold at market rates.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT OF THE

National Park Bank.

For the safe-keeping, and protection from fire and burglars, of Securities of all kinds, including Bonds, Stocks, Mortgages, Wills, and Diamonds, and valuable Jewelry of every description. An inspection of the vault constructed by The National Park Bank in their new building will at once convince all parties interested that the most perfect attainable security has been reached, and at an extremely moderate annual cost to each individual depositor. The officers will take pleasure in showing the vault on application.

Financial & Commercial.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE Inaugural Address of President Grant is excellent—every word of it. It is good sense in plain English. His financial policy cannot be better expressed than in his own words.

"A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this, principal and interest, as well as the return to a specie basis, as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, or to the country at large, must be provided for. To protect the national honor, every dollar of the Government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public place, and it will go far toward strengthening a credit which ought to be the best in the world, and will ultimately enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay."

The country will thank President Grant for these timely and well-considered words. They settle the question for the repudiators for at least four years to come. The miserable *humbug* of dishonesty, perfidy, and folly is at an end. There is no reason why that portion of the public debt which is now redeemable at the pleasure of the Government should not very speedily be replaced by bonds at a much lower rate of interest. We believe that wise and prompt legislation on the part of Congress, looking to this end, would enable the Government to fund the five-twenty bonds at *four per cent.* This would be a great saving to the country.

President Grant speaks wisely and cautiously in regard to the return to specie payment: "Legislation on this subject may not be necessary now, or even advisable; but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channel." The country is not prepared to resume specie payment at present, and could not make the effort, under coercive legislation, without the most ruinous consequences to all classes. No man is wise enough to fix the precise time for resumption, or the precise legislation that will be necessary. When the time comes the facts as then existing will be a much better guide to wise legislation than premature speculations which do not master all the conditions of the problem to be solved. It is always safe to let *well enough* alone until we are quite sure that we can do better.

The hint of the President in respect to the collection of the revenue the country will accept as a much-needed and very timely warning. Under Mr. Johnson's administration the Government has been cheated, to the amount of hundreds of millions, by faithless and incompetent officials. We shall be greatly disappointed if this system of peculation is not thoroughly rebuked. The people expect their President to hold his subordinates to a strict accountability for their official conduct; and General Grant, by his habits of mind as well as principles of character, we regard as just the man to do this work.

Success to the President's administration as foreshadowed in his Inaugural Address! We are done with Johnson, greatly to our relief. The country is now looking for better times under better auspices.

THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE TREASURY.

DURING the past six or eight years a good many of our prominent business men have been frequently spoken of in connection with the Treasury Department, and no one seems ever to have suspected the existence of a law which ought to have been familiar to our statesmen, explicitly prohibiting any merchant whatever from being placed in that office. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, George Opdyke was talked of for Secretary of the Treasury, as Mr. Cisco, Moses Taylor, Jay Cooke, Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, and A. T. Stewart, of New York, have been since. Neither the President nor Mr. Stewart, and, what is more remarkable, not one of the senators, appears to have been aware of the law of 1789 creating the office of Secretary of the Treasury and excluding from it any person engaged in mercantile business of any kind. And yet it was currently reported in New York for a full week before the appointment of Mr. Stewart that he had sold out his interest in his business to his partner to enable him to accept the appointment. But Mr. Stewart has said that he could not withdraw from his business, if he desired to do so, under five years; and the law explicitly declares that the Secretary of the Treasury shall be neither directly nor indirectly engaged in any business. So the whole class of business men, whatever the qualification may be, are rigorously excluded from that office; and, even if the law of 1789 were repealed, there are two other specific laws which would prove equally potent in shutting merchants out of the Treasury. So rigid and careful have our law-makers been to preserve the officers of the revenue from all complications likely to affect their integrity that even the clerks and inspectors of customs are explicitly forbidden to engage in any business outside of their official occupations. If the law had been strictly enforced, it is probable that Mr. McCulloch would have been excluded from the Treasury Department.

RATES OF RENT.

THE leasing of property is, to all intents and purposes, making use of *borrowed capital.* To the lessee the transaction is precisely the same as if he borrowed so much money, and with it purchased, for the time being, a house, or store, or farm, for temporary use; and to the lessor it is the same as if he had lent so much money. The rent takes the place of interest on money lent.

The *rate* of rent, though to some extent affected by the law of supply and demand, must, for a general rule, bear a fixed proportion to the estimated value of the property leased. Ten per cent. on the market valuation is the usual standard. This allows three per cent. for insurance, taxes, and repairs, and seven per cent. for the invested capital. He, therefore, who leases a store at the rent of $40,000 a year virtually loans of the lessor $400,000 in money, on which he pays the equivalent of an annual interest of ten per cent. In order to make the operation profitable to himself, he must do a business that will pay the rent, pay the interest on the capital which he borrows or invests in trade, pay all the expenses of hired labor, pay the insurance and taxes on his goods, cancel all the losses by bad debts, damaged property, and the fluctuation of prices, and at the same time leave a suitable surplus of income as the compensation for his own labor. The task which he has to perform is a very severe one. At the present rates of rent and interest, the largest part of the earnings of his business will be absorbed in paying its expenses and meeting its liabilities. This is one of the chief reasons why so great a proportion of merchants ultimately fail, and comparatively so few of them retire with an accumulated capital to any very considerable amount. In the City of New York rent and interest, added to expenses and losses, in the majority of cases, about eat up all the profits of trade.

The power which adjusts the proportion of rent to the estimated value of property is the *interest* on the money for which the property would sell, or which would buy the same property. This results from the fact that money is the *standard* of value, and that the value of money, like that of everything else, is measured by its annual income. Hence, rent and interest must, by a natural law, seek the same level. The former bears the same proportion to the market value of property that interest bears to the principal invested in that property. The moment the two proportions materially differ, the selfishness of men will lead them so to change the *form* of their capital as to secure the largest profit from its power of accumulation, whether by interest or rent. Special causes may for a time derange these proportions; but they never do it permanently. If rented property at an estimated value be not equivalent to money loaned, then one of two things will take place—either the estimated value of the property will fall to the point of equivalency, or the rate of interest must be reduced. This must always be the final result so long as money is used as the standard of value.

In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and all other large cities, most of the people are not the owners of the houses in which they live, or of the stores in which they transact business; and, hence, this question of *rent*, so far from being a mere speculation, is to them a very practical matter. City rents are manifestly so high as to fall with crushing weight upon the mercantile and producing classes; and for this burden we see no permanent relief under our present system of monetary laws. City property, having a high valuation when measured by the standard of money, follows the interest-laws of this standard in the per centage of rent which is demanded for its use. The embarrassment as felt in New York is largely increased by the erection of costly structures for the purposes of business. Broadway, and many of the streets crossing it at right angles, present a mass of mercantile palaces; and, hence, their occupants must do a vast business in order to pay their expenses. Superadd high rents for dwelling-houses, and the load borne by the working classes becomes frightfully ponderous. The lessees being much more numerous than the lessors, the tendency of rents, as of interest, is to a constant accumulation of capital in the hands of a comparatively few persons. Under the present system of things, there is no sufficient power in *labor*, skilled or unskilled, to neutralize this natural centralization in landlords and capitalists.

A BLESSING TO BANKERS.

THE repeal of the law requiring a quarterly statement of the condition of the national banks will prove a real blessing to the officers and managers of those institutions, though the new law, which requires the Commissioner of Currency to call for a statement of their condition at any given time in the past not less than five times a year, will not be found altogether without its inconveniences. But the business public are greatly benefited by the new law, inasmuch as it does away with those periodical recurrences of a tight money market which have been heretofore caused by the preparation which had to be made for a favorable exhibit every ninety days. Money had already begun to be rendered artificially scarce by the arrangements for making the usual quarterly returns on the 1st of April; but after it became known that the old regulation was abolished there was a decided easing-up on call-loans, and a better feeling at once prevailed among borrowers.

MONEY MARKET.

THE passage of the law relieving the national banks from the necessity of making their quarterly returns had an immediate effect upon the money market as soon as it became known in Wall Street, for preparations had already been commenced for the April statement. Rates on call loans declined full one per cent., and there was increased activity among the stock speculators. But for this alleviating cause, the unfavorable look of the weekly bank statement on Saturday would have rendered money very tight indeed.

The week opened on Monday on a buoyant market, with money in abundance at 6 to 7 per cent., and gold at 131¼.

There has since been a good deal of liveliness among the speculators in railway shares and Government bonds. The reported withdrawal of Mr. Stewart from the Treasury Department and the appointment of Mr. Boutwell had a still better effect.

The greatest activity in stocks was manifested in New York Central, which rose to 161¼. Adams Express was forced up to 164½, but it fell off again 2 per cent.

Michigan Southern, Hudson River, and the Northwestern stocks were very strong, and the whole speculative list sympathized in the upward movement.

The bank statement probably has a more unpromising look than the actual condition of our banks would justify.

The average of the banks for the week ending on the 6th compare as follows with the previous week and with the corresponding week last year, to which is added the specie and currency balances in the New York office of the U. S. Treasury at these dates:

	Feb. 27, '69.	March 6, '69.	March 7, '68
Increase in loans			$717,086
Decrease in specie			1,345,305
Decrease in other legal tenders			1,959,000
Decrease in deposits			2,611,726
Increase in circulation			19,004
	March 7, '68.	March 6, '69.	Feb. 27, '69
National capital	$72,507,700	$74,037,700	$74,037,700
Local capital	9,349,200	9,343,916	9,345,916
Total capital	$80,470,200	$84,003,616	$84,003,616
Loans	200,156,836	202,040,883	201,371,797
Bond and gold notes	20,714,228	20,692,000	20,692,000
Other legal tender	57,017,044	49,145,529	50,505,054
Deposits	195,777,099	183,640,237	185,216,175
Circulation	34,151,057	31,275,885	34,247,361
In Sub-Treasury	165,367,698	36,944,399	38,541,699

The bank statement exhibits the condition of the banks in legal tenders:

	Feb. 27, '69.	March 6, '69.	March 7, '68
On deposits	$185,216,173	$182,604,437	$207,737,099
Circulation	34,247,361	31,275,885	34,151,057
Total	$219,464,156	$216,880,322	$241,891,057
25 P. cent. would be	$54,866,039	$54,220,080	$60,472,759
In gold and greenbacks	71,697,697	68,622,003	77,731,467
Excess	$16,831,658	$14,411,923	$17,258,708

THE TRUE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

MANY first-class mercantile firms are now changing their business locations; and, as a reissue of their insurance policies becomes imperative, we desire to call the attention of those who are not already availing themselves of its unrivaled advantages to the joint participation system, which is beyond question the most economical as well as the safest system of protection from loss by fire yet devised by the wisdom of man. Having recently looked over the balance-sheets of that sterling and skillfully-conducted corporation, the WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY of this city, we find that it not only pays twelve per cent. to cash stockholders, but also one of six per cent. on outstanding scrip; and, with all this, a scrip dividend of forty-five per cent. on the earned premiums of participation policies for the year of 1868. Thus it will be observed that it only costs about half as much to insure here as in companies without participations. In regard to the stability and responsibility of the "Washington" there can be no question. For years it has stood in the front rank of the Underwriting Institutions of the country, while its executive and officers throughout are admitted to have no superiors in their calling. Although the capital of this company is but $400,000, so carefully and successfully has its affairs been managed that at the present time its cash assets is over $750,000, and the amount is being constantly augmented. The office of the Washington is at 172 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane. It issues policies on fire risks, as well as Inland Marine Insurance. Those who desire perfect security, at reasonable prices, as well as equitable and liberal treatment, will find it to their interests to deal with them. We have done so for years, and think it a duty to advise our friends to do likewise.—*Express.*

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY pay both the Principal and Seven per Cent. Interest—1st Feb. and 1st Aug.—in GOLD COIN, Free of Government Tax.

A limited amount only of these Bonds may be had at par and accrued interest in currency, of H. H. BOODY, Treasurer, 12 Wall Street; or of HENRY CLEWS & CO., Bankers, 32 Wall Street.

PARK BANK SAFE DEPOSITS.—The grand system of safes in that magnificent structure, the National Park Bank, offer the best place of deposits for valuables of all kinds to be found below Chambers street or anywhere else. The officers of the bank offer every facility to those who wish to use their vaults and safes.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the remarkably strong statement made by that sound and well-conducted institution, the National Life Insurance Company, which may be found in their advertisement in another column. The company have been able to declare dividends this year, after making ample reserves to meet any possible contingencies, of 50 per cent. on life policies and of 35 per cent. on endowment policies. One of the excellent characteristics of the National Life is that of non-forfeiture of all policies, on the principle of non-forfeiture adopted by the Massachusetts companies. The office of the company is No. 212 Broadway.

THE ECLECTIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—The Eclectic Life Insurance Company, of which James W. Barker is the president, offers some peculiar advantages to those wanting to take out life policies It is the only eclectic company, we believe, in the world, and it grants policies on all the known methods of life insurance. It also adopts the principle of non-forfeiture, and makes annual dividends, premiums in cash being entitled to cash dividends. The office of the company is at 187 Broadway.

DRY GOODS.

THERE have been no fluctuations or excitements during the past week worth noticing. Trade has been steady and prices of domestics of all descriptions well maintained. The President's inaugural and the completion of his cabinet have rather tended to give confidence in the future, and there is a pretty general feeling of satisfaction among manufacturers and jobbers at the look ahead. The amount of dry goods being sent over the railroads to the South and the West is quite as large as last year at this time. The New York dry-goods men have had a compliment paid them as a class by President Grant in the nomination of Mr. Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury, whether he accept the position or not. It is the first time that a merchant of any kind has been chosen for the head of the Treasury Department, though it is not the first time that a merchant has been in the cabinet.

The transactions in unbleached shirtings and sheetings have not been specially active for the week, but the demand has been an improvement on the week previous, without causing any change in prices, which have remained steady. The stock of goods in first hands is very far from being in excess of the wants of the trade, and it is likely that an active demand would lead to an advance on most of the leading makes.

Bleached shirtings and sheetings are without any material change. The demand for immediate distribution is languid; but, as an increased trade is anticipated before the close of the month, no anxiety exists among holders to press sales by submitting to a reduction of rates.

There is not much doing in prints, but a little more activity is observable in the choicest styles of the new effects. Purchasers are rather cautious in their selections; but in many cases the manufacturers have so much confidence in the maintenance of prices that they are willing to guarantee their customers for a certain time against loss by a depreciation of prices.

Ginghams are in fair demand at steady prices.

Printed lawns are in rather more active request, and prices are firmly maintained.

For other descriptions of cotton goods there is a fair demand and a firmer tone as to prices, without any changes which call for remark.

Woolens remain quiet, with a small demand for cloths and spring coatings.

The demand for cassimeres is chiefly confined to the higher grades of fancies, adapted to early spring trade.

Satinets are inactive. The demand which existed for the lower grades last week appears to have been amply supplied, and there is very little doing, at least according to our reports, in either the higher or the lower grades. But prices remain without marked change.

The trade in foreign goods is not very active; but the offerings in the auction-rooms, particularly of linens and white goods, are very heavy and attract large companies. The prices, however, except for a few choice articles adapted to the early Spring trade, rule low. The importations for the past week have been very heavy, and the number of packages withdrawn from bonded warehouse for consumption has been very large.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

ASHES.—Pots have been in active demand and full prices realized. Pearls remain quiet and prices nominal.

BEESWAX has been in moderate demand and firmer. Sales 15,000 lbs. at 40½@50½ cts.

BREADSTUFFS—Western and State Flour the past week has been only moderately active, the demand being principally confined to the local and coastwise trade. Prices have declined, however, notwithstanding; the limited receipts, the less favorable news from Europe, and decline in gold, have given buyers the advantage. The medium grades have been irregular and dull; the better brands, too, have been quiet at variable prices. The steady reduction in our stock fails to arrest the downward tendency. There is but little speculation at present. At the close there is more activity and a steadier feeling generally. The exports for the week are 8,659 bbls., including 974 bbls. to Europe, 100 bbls. to the British Provinces, and 4,585 to South America, West Indies, etc.; and for the corresponding week last year 13,754 bbls. Canadian Flour has been unsettled, and prices declined. Early in the week 500 bbls. Winter Wheat extras sold at $6.90 in bond. California Flour has been irregular and very dull, the business being confined principally to small lots of old. New is neglected, though held firmly, closing dull and heavy. The sales are 1,200 bbls. and sacks. Southern Flour has sold more freely, and the market has been irregular and dull; prices have declined, particularly the medium grades, closing more active and steadier. Rye Flour has declined, but has been more active, closing steady. Corn Meal has also been active; prices have ruled firm. Buckwheat Flour has been neglected, and prices have declined; the market generally has been unsettled, closing heavy. In Wheat there has been more activity, but at lower and irregular prices, under less favorable news from Europe, liberal arrivals from Chicago, and a decline in gold and exchange. The above applies to Spring. Winter Wheat has sold less freely and has also declined, the market being unsettled and irregular during the greater portion of the week. At the close the market is active and better, the demand being chiefly for export. Owing to a decline in freights, Barley has been in fair request, and has ruled firm. The arrivals have been light, and the transactions have been moderate, closing dull and heavy. Barley Malt has been in fair demand at former prices. Canada Peas have sold slowly and prices are uncertain. Rye has ruled extremely quiet, is now freely offered, and is lower and unsettled at the close. Oats have been in moderate demand, but have fluctuated considerably, and are higher than this day week, closing with a fair demand. Indian Corn has been in moderate demand, chiefly for the trade, and with limited arrivals prices have improved; this has checked the export inquiry, and at the close the market was better and quite active.

BROOM CORN.—We have had a comparatively quiet market, but prices are firm at the late advance. We quote: Red, at 14@16cts.; Green, at 18@20cts.; and small lots, 21@22cts.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—We have no new feature to note in articles coming under this heading since the date of our last review; the demand has been moderate and the market firm.

COAL.—The cold snap has had a tendency to increase the retail demand for Coal, and holders have been firm in their views. In prices, however, we learn of no change. Foreign has been in fair demand at full prices. Contracts to the amount of 75,000 tons for gas purposes have been made, including 35,000 tons Deepard from West Virginia, and 50,000 tons Cow Bay, C.B. all on pt.

COFFEE.—At the advance noted in our last report the market for Brazil Coffee has remained quite firm on all grades, and importers have offered the comparatively small supply very sparingly. Buyers, however, have operated to only a moderate extent, in view of current high figures, and the recent advance in the cost of transportation, and the tone of the market was dull. Java remains nominal. West India grades moderately active and steady. We quote at 10@11¼ cts., in bond, for fair to good cargoes Rio 14@18 cts., duty paid, extreme range on invoices do.; 21@22 cts. for Java; 15@18 cts. for Maracaibo; and 14½@17¼ cts. for Laguayra—all gold.

COTTON.—The variations in price have been slight during the week, but the volume of business very small and confined mainly to the supply of immediate wants of local buyers. Nothing came by cable from Liverpool to encourage shipments or speculation; but the receipts at the ports were daily falling off, and one point counteracted the other, keeping the market about evenly balanced. The actual position of affairs, however, is a strong contest between domestic holders and foreign spinners; and there is not likely to be any great life or animation until one side or the other is forced to succumb. For future delivery there has been more speculative inquiry; and, in view of the supply already running below last year's receipts, and the moderate amounts thus far sent abroad, buyers have paid higher figures than those current on the spot. The last sales for April were at 28¾ cts. The market closes quiet but steady at 29¼ cts. for Middling Uplands, to 29¾@30 cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a firmer feeling in most articles coming under this heading, and we have had a steady fair demand.

FISH.—There has been less doing in all kinds of Fish, and prices have had a downward tendency. The business since our last has been of a jobbing character. Herrings show a decline, but holders at the close are less inclined to sell.

HAY.—The market has been very dull, and lower prices accepted; the liberal receipts and comparatively low price of Meal gives buyers the advantage, and at the close the tendency is downward.

HEMP.—We have had a very quiet market for all descriptions; but in prices there has been an advance, closing firm.

HIDES.—There has been a very good demand for all descriptions of Dry Hides since our last. The stock on hand is small and composed chiefly of heavy parcels. For Dry Salted Hides there has been a fair degree of activity, at firm prices. Wet Salted Hides have also been in good request, and with a small supply prices are firm. Calcutta Hides have been fairly active and firm.

HOPS.—There has been only a moderate demand for Hops since our last review. Prices are firm, but not quotably higher; the inquiry being from the trade.

LEATHER.—Hemlock Sole has been in fair request and prices ruled firm. The receipts from the tanneries foot up 46,000 Sides, and are about equal to the transactions. The supply is small. Oak Sole has been only moderately active, but prices are firm and sustained.

MOLASSES.—The demand for foreign grades of all kinds has been moderate, and with increased arrivals prices are easier, though even at the decline are still nominal, buyers scarcely showing interest enough to bid. We quote at about 40@50 cts. for Old Cuba; 58@65 cts. for New do.; 70@80 cts. for Porto Rico; and 60@70 cts. for English Island. New Orleans is scarce and firmly held at 70@80 cts.

NAVAL STORES.—Crude Turpentine is in small supply and firmly held. Spirits have declined, and have been only in moderate demand, the business being confined to small lots landing, closing dull and heavy. For Rosins there has been a fair demand, and the market ruled firm. Tar has been irregular. North County is firmly held, while Wilmington is more plenty and is lower.

OILS.—American Linseed has been in fair demand at former prices. In Crude Fish Oils we have had a quiet market. Lard Oil is dull and heavy.

PROVISIONS.—The slight indications of recovering strength noted in the market for Hog products at the date of our last report were only temporary, and during the greater portion of the week now under review there has been a gradual working off in values, with only a moderate amount of business doing from day to day. It is a noticeable feature, however, that the offerings at the decline are mostly outside parcels, and that the principal holders refuse to entertain reduced bids, feeling confident that the Spring trade will prove fully equal to all supplies, and that the present depression is simply the gathering of strength for a very decided upward turn. New Mess Pork has been dull and declining, only a few odd lots changing hands as an opportunity for a quick turn on a settlement of old contracts presented itself to operators. At the falling off in price, however, it would be difficult to find a very large supply, pretty much all the stock received on contract at the opening of the month being withdrawn, and placed with the previous accumulation to await a reaction, and holders generally express much confidence. Old Mess has sold more freely to West India shippers, and holds up in price much better than the new packing. Prime Mess must still be considered as nominal, in the absence of sales. The market closes dull and without much general strength at $31@$31 12½ for Old Mess, $31 12½@$31 25 for New Mess, $30 50@$30 75 for Thin Mess, and $28@$28 50 for Western Prime Mess. Further settlements to a considerable extent were made for April at $33 50, but since then the price has rapidly declined. Beef is still very plenty and freely offered at easy rates, but attracts no attention except in an occasional small way as wanted by jobbers. We quote at $10@$17 for Plain Mess, and $12@19 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef continues to attract a moderate share of attention, but only the very best lots command outside figures. We quote at $25@$29 for Prime Mess, and $30@35 for India Mess. Beef Hams are selling only in job lots, at about $35@$31 per bbl. Cut Meats have been almost entirely neglected, and are weak, closing at about 13@13¼ cts. for Shoulders, and 17@17¼ cts. for Hams in pickle. Bacon has been more active and full prices were realized, the small stock inducing a pretty firm feeling. We quote Cumberland at 15¾ cts., and Short Rib at 16@16¾ cts., the former relatively higher than other grades. Dressed Hogs have ruled firm, closing at 13¾@13¾ cts. for Western, and 14@14¼ cts. for City. Lard has been very dull at about former rates, no close of buyers having any call for goods and holders refusing to force the market. The close is steady at 18@18¼ cts. for No. 1, 18¾@19 cts. for City, 19@19¼ cts. for Steam, and 19¼@19¾ cts. for Kettle-rendered. For future delivery the business has been at slightly easier rates, closing at about 19 cts. for any month before July 18.

SEEDS.—Grass Seeds have been only in moderate demand since the date of our last review, but in prices no particular change has occurred. Rough Flax Seed has been steady, with a moderate trade. Calcutta Linseed up to Friday last was quiet, but previous a good business was done. In prices, however, we learn of no change, closing firm.

SUGARS.—A continued pressure from speculators anxious to realize, and little or no demand, have greatly increased the depression noted in our last, and values show a still further falling off. At the decline, however, holders have, of late, appeared to feel more confidence; and the offerings, though fair and pretty well assorted, owing to the recent arrivals, are not urged with as much freedom as during the early portion of the week. The market closes quiet and steady at 12¾@12¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 13¾@13¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 13¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined have declined materially, and close unsettled, at 18@18½ cts for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed.

STEARIN.—The market is quiet, and prices are nominal at 18@18½ cts. in hhds. and tcs.

TALLOW.—There has been a fair degree of activity in the market for this article since the date of our last; prices have advanced and closed firm. The sales amount to 275,000 lbs.

WOOL.—There has been an improvement in the demand for this staple since our last, the business being principally from consumers; prices for all descriptions have ruled firm. Coarse Fleece have been the most sought after, and with a reduced supply prices advanced. Pulled and Combing Wools are also salable. Texas and California Wools in demand and higher. Foreign Wools, especially clothing varieties, are scarce in request; but in prices there has been some irregularity, owing to the decline and variations in gold.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	— @—	— @—
Extra	17 @17¼	17¼@17¾
First quality	16 @16¾	16¾@17
Second quality	14 @15¾	14 @16
Third quality	13 @13	12 @13¾
Inferior	11 @11¾	11 @11¾
Average of all sales about	14¾@15	— @15

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$90@100	$90@100
Good	75@ 85	75@ 85
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 70
Inferior and Common	50@ 55	50@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	12¾@13	13 @13¾
Good	11¾@12	12 @12¾
Common	10¾@11	11 @11¾
Inferior	9 @10¾	10 @10¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice, per lb.	9 @ 9¾	9 @ 9¾
Extra "	8 @ 8¾	8 @ 8¾
Good "	7 @ 7¾	7 @ 7¾
Fair "	6¾@ 6¾	6¾@ 6¾
Common "	5¾@ 6¾	5¾@ 6¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	11¾@11¾	13¾@14¾
Corn-fed, common to good	10¾@11	13 @13¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

Beef Cattle during the early part of the week was firm, and continued so until butchers became well supplied and the market ruled dull, and with increasing receipts the feeling was heavy. Milch Cows of all grades have been less inquired after, and with an increasing stock prices have had a downward tendency. Milkmen have a good supply on hand. Veal Calves are in better supply, but are not unusually plenty; prices show a decline. Sheep have been quiet and rather lower prices accepted. Early in the week Swine were better and a good demand prevailed; subsequently a decline was submitted to and the market closes irregular.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, March 8, 1869.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	15	Amoskeag	12¾
Merrimack, D.	13¾	Lowell	11
Cochaco	14	Wamsutta	10
Spragues	13¾	Victory	11
Pacific	13½	Wauregan	12
American	13	Arnold	11
Dunnells	13¾	Hamilton	13¾
Allens	13	Richmond	13
Manchester	13	Mourning	12¾
Freemans	11	Lancaster	13½
Nassau	12½	Oriental	12¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	15	Manchester	12½
Caledonia	15	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	4-4 17	Pocasset	4-4 16¾
Lawrence, "	4-4 16¾	"	7-8 14
" F	4-4 14	Pepperell, B	4-4 16
" E	4-4 13	" B	9-4 15
" M	3-4 13½	" O	4-4 14
" N	3-4 12	" N	4-4 13
Pacific, Extra	4-4 16¾	"	7-8 13½
" H	4-4 15½	"	8-4 12¾
" L	4-4 14¾	"	9-4 12¾
Atlantic, A	4-4 17	"	10-4 13¾
" H	4-4 16½	Bost, S	4-4 13
" L	4-4 14¾	" O	4-4 13
" N	3-4 10½	Appleton, A	4-4 17
Sunerior	12-4 43	Lacona, H	4-4 16¾
Shawmut, C	4-4 14¾	"	7-8 14
Augusta, F	4-4 13½	" B	4-4 15
" A	7-8 12	"	7-8 13
Stark, A	4-4 16	Lymn, E	4-4 17
Massachusetts	4-4 14½	"	7-8 14
"	7-8 13½	"	4-4 13
" E	4-4 15½	Utica	4-4 13½
Indian Head	4-4 17	Tremont, C	4-4 13
Exeter, A	4-4 14	Ingnar Orchard, A	4-4 18
"	7-8 13	"	7-8 16
Medford	4-4 16	Ino, H	4-4 18
Augusta	4-4 14	"	7-8 16
"	7-8 14	Great Falls, H	9-8 14½
Gilboa	4-4 14	"	4-4 15
Pittsfield, A	4-4 13	" M	4-4 14
Keunebec	4-4 10½	" S	4-4 12½
Frontier, AA	4-4 15	Cabot, A	4-4 14
Shasnon	4-4 14	" W	4-4 14½
Bedford, R	4-4 13½	Dwight, A	4-4 16